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RATHER MIXED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[This rather unique article embraces the first two lines of forty popular ballads, word for word, without an alteration.—ED. CLIP.]

"She's all my fancy pa nte! her,
She's lovely, she's divine;"
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will drink with mine;"
"When twilight dews are falling fast
Upon the rosy sea,"
"My soul in one unbroken sigh
Breathes forth its song to thee."

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love may tell,"
"O, is it thus we part, my love,
And thus we say farewell?"
"I'd offer thee this hand of mine
If I could love thee less;"
"Yes, I'll love you all so dearly,
Words but faintly can express."

"What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long?"
"Sing me an English song, I pray,
Sing me an English song."
"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree—
I'll off to the wars again—"
"O, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain."

"Will you come to the bower
I have shaded for you?"
"Maxwelton's braes are bonny
Where early falls the dew."
"The land is very bright, Mother,
The flowers are very fair;"
"O, smile as thou wer't won't to smile
Before the weight of care."

"In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled"—
"I remember how I loved her
When a little guiltless child."
"The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling"—
"I walk abroad throught the earth
A lone and wretched thing."

"Come into the garden, Maude,
For the black bat, Night, has flown,"
"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown."
"The summer is over and gone,
When down by the slope of the hill,"
"I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill."

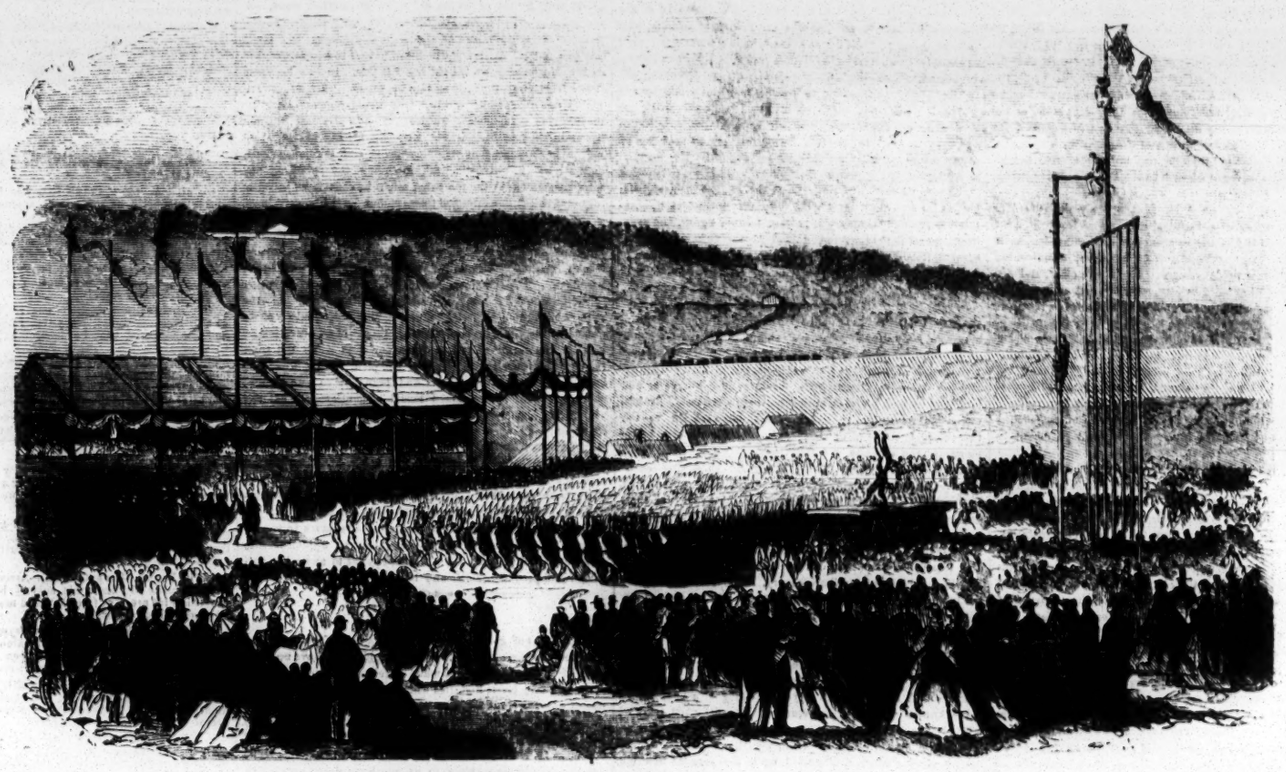
"'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell;"
"'Twas just one year ago, to-day,
That I remember well,"
"He sailed away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neill and his fair young bride;"
"I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
Where we sat side by side."

"'Twas on the beach at Long Branch,
One fine summer's day,"
"The sweetest thing in life,
And no one dare say nay;"
"You speak of sunny skies to me,
Of orange groves and bowers,"
"Make me no gaudy chaplet,
Weave it in simple flowers."

"They have given thee to another,
They have broken every vow;"
"Let me kiss him for his mother,
Let me kiss his youthful brow;"
"You don't know how we miss you, dear,
How long the days will seem;"
"Thou are gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream."

"You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette,"
"O, I have roamed through many lands
And many friends I've met;"
"'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam,"
"The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home!"

J. H. B



SWISS GYMNASTICS.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER I.

THE JEST THAT WAS CARRIED TOO FAR.

Forty-seven years ago our story begins, on a clear winter's evening, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and twenty. George, the magnificent, had just mounted in reality the throne that had been his so long in name, and our present Queen was an unnoticed little scion of royalty, with many a step between her and her future crown.

The poor old king of fifty years had babbled out his second childhood at last, and lay at rest in the vaults of his forefathers; while the eagle spirit which had convulsed Europe with strife and bloodshed, and ruled France with a hand whose grip was iron, and its caress the softest velvet, was wearing away, slowly and surely, to his sea girt grave, amid the rocks of St. Helena.

The winter evening was closing in, and the stars were out, one by one, over busy, whirling London: not the London of our day, with its marvelous traffic, its spanning viaducts, and monster stations and hotels—and its underground railways, which have made the very bowels of the earth a medium for the traffic and convenience of busy man.

As busy, as bustling, as noisy, the metropolis was a different place in the days of the first gentleman in Europe to what it is now—save in the joy and sorrow, sin and suffering, which belong to all people and all ages. Light hearts beat happily then as they do now, and will to all time; and want and misery and disappointment laid their iron hands on their victims, as heavily as now in our own more stirring days of invention and progress.

On this night the new king gave a grand entertainment at which diamonds flashed and beauty beamed, and silken sheen and glossy velvet rustled and shimmered in the radiance of a thousand gleaming lights.

Half the the fashion of the West End was there to see and be seen, and half the squalor and wretchedness of the slums and alleys, which abut upon the dwelling places of the great—like barnacles clinging to the sides of a stately and graceful ship—assembled in groups, to see the company of their sovereign gathered to greet him.

The carriage of one of the greatest and most popular men of the day, Lord St. Aubyn, drew up, and the people murmured a welcoming blessing on their favorite, as, with his fair wife upon his arm, he stepped out of it on to the carpeted pavement, and nodded with a kindly smile in answer to the greeting of the crowd.

Ere he could enter the stately palace gate a hand was laid upon his arm; a man had pressed through the throng, haggard and wild in appearance, with blood shot eyes and pale cheeks, though clad like a gentleman, and with the manner of a thorough aristocrat.

The watchmen tried to keep him back, and the mob reviled him, but he pressed forward, and at the very gate of royalty laid a detaining hand on one of the king's most honored guests.

"St. Aubyn," he said, "speak to me a moment, for God's sake!"

The young nobleman looked at him in astonishment; and his wife loosed her hold of her husband's arm with a gesture at once of surprise and annoyance.

"Dubois!" he said. "You here?"

"Yes. Give me a moment. Don't look at me like that. Give me a guinea—I am starving."

Lord St. Aubyn drew himself up, and took his wife's arm in his own once more.

"You carry your jests too far, Gaston," he said coldly. "This is neither the time nor the place."

"Jests," repeated the young man bitterly. "It is no jest. Help me; it is my last chance. You were my friend."

But the young nobleman only shook off his detaining hand, and passed on with a haughty look, while the watchmen with their staves forced back the young man who had sought to bar his entrance.

"Who was that man?" Lady St. Aubyn asked her husband the first time she could get an opportunity of speaking to him unobserved.

"What man, my dear?"

"The one who spoke to you as we came in."

"Oh, a fellow I have met sometimes at different places—not in society. A speculator, an author, in fact living by his wits. He is very fond of fun, and will have his joke; but he carried it rather too far to-night. I shall not be so familiar with him for the future. I shall——"

"I don't think it was a joke, Harold. It seemed terribly real to me."

"Not a joke? Oh, pshaw! You don't know Dubois; I do. His fun takes all forms."

But though his lordship strove to satisfy himself with his own arguments, he could not wholly suppress his doubts. The wild, worn face of Gaston Dubois kept rising before him, amid the ever shifting gay throng, and he could not banish it from his memory.

"Starving?" he said to himself. "Oh, impossible! Hard up, may be; cleaned out at play, or ruined by some wild venture, but wanting food—oh, it's nonsense. I wish I'd spoken to the fellow. "I'll hunt him up to-morrow, and if there's any truth in what he said, why he must be helped, that's all. I wonder where he is?"

Not far off; only making his way towards the Surrey side of the river, without a penny he could call his own, or the knowledge where he could get a meal for the helpless wife and child who waited for his coming. How he had arrived at such a fearful pass matters nothing to our story—the facts will be enough.

Wild speculation, reckless expenditure, utter nonsuccess in whatever he undertook, had helped him on his downward way with terrible celerity; while the desire to appear well and prosperous in the eyes of his fellow men, and the companions with whom he associated, had made him keep the secret of his poverty till it could be kept no longer.

On this night he had broken the seal of silence, and to two or three of his boon companions he had told the truth, and asked a little temporary aid—only to find his agony received as a good jest, and his heart broken appeals responded to with roars of laughter.

"Dubois would have his joke," they said. "Ha! ha! It was too good!"

And maddened and stung, he turned away to see Lord St. Aubyn by accident, and apply to him with the courage of despair, to be repulsed, as we have seen. Onward through street after street he went till he came to one of the bridges which spanned the silent, swift flowing river; he paused a moment, and then, paying the toll, he passed on. The toll keeper looked after him for a moment curiously, and then spoke to a watchman who stood near.

"Is he going to jump over? There's death or madness in his face or I never saw it—and I've seen a many go to their death from here. God knows I have,"

"I'll see he don't do it here, anyhow," the man replied. "It's allers a worry and a bother when such a thing happens. Ah! I see him a loitering and a looking over. I'll keep my eye on you, my man, that I will."

"Death or madness! Ay, both were in the weary eyes of the haggard man who leaned over the parapet and stared blankly down into the dark water, with its thousand reflections of gleaming lights and illumined casements.

The man had surmised rightly; he was thinking of suicide—thinking in a strange, idle fashion, of what the death would be like that he should meet by leaping off into the stream—of how far the turbulent water would carry him ere it tossed him ashore to be laid in an unhonored grave—of his past life—of all the thousand and one wild images which float through a mind racked by despair, and dulled and blunted by bitter anguish.

"Amie and I have lived too long—too long," he murmured, in a vacant sort of fashion. "There's no place in the world for you and me, my girl. Ah, I'll go and fetch her. She'll come; she's a gentle, loving wife, and obedient as a wife should be. I'll bring her here, and we'll——"

He stopped and started, for a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a gruff voice bade him "Come out o' that now."

The watchmen of that day were not one whit more polite than the police of the present. In every unfortunate they saw a thief; and in every houseless, stricken wretch, a foe to society and human nature, who must be crushed and trampled on for the common weal.

Gaston Dubois raised his head and stared at his disturber with a look that made the guardian of the streets start backwards and mutter:—"Mad! Yes, by the Lord, he is," and then slowly raising himself from his leaning posture, he said, "Move! Where?"

"Oh, anywhere out of this, you know—blocking up the pathway—against regulations—s—a—" stammered out the man, hardly knowing what to say, and half frightened at the haggard face before him.

"Out of this! Out of light and life into my grave. Is that what you mean? Ah, it's time—it's time. God's blessed air and freedom are not for me and mine. Not a penny—not a cent! And they took it for a jest. I'll jest no more; it shall be real, terrible, earnest, from this moment."

"Now go home out of this," reiterated the watchman, unwilling to use force, and hardly knowing what to do. "Home to your wife if you have one, and don't get a talking that way; if you've had a drop, why, sleep it off and you'll be be all right."

"Had a drop!" was the bitter retort. "Ay, I have; such a drop as you'll never drink, I trust. Your advice is good, my friend; I'll go home—home to my wife. Good night."

The man responded to his adieu, and watched him as he walked swiftly and silently away over the almost deserted bridge till he was lost in the distance.

"Thank Heaven he's out of my beat," he said to himself, as he returned to have another gossip with his friend at the gate. "I'm glad to wash my hands of him, for if ever there was a fit subject for Bedlam, he's one."

Not far from the place he named, the famous Bethlehem Hospital, was the house at which Gaston Dubois stopped when his walk was ended. His knock was answered by a young woman, whose swarthy complexion and jet black hair showed her southern origin, without hearing the musical, Italian accents in which she greeted her husband. He made no reply to her loving welcome, but pushed past her into the little room where they usually sat. It was poorly furnished, but very neat, and his lip curled with scorn as he looked around it.

"They would not help me to keep even this," he murmured. "Well, we can leave it, we can leave it."

"What are you saying?" his wife asked.

"Nothing, carissima, nothing. Where is Eugene?"

"In bed."

"Give me a light. I will go and look at him."

He took the candle from her hand, and went into a bed-room, where in a little crib lay a remarkably beautiful child of four or five years of age. A smile was on his parted lips, and his black curls lay tossed in pretty confusion on the pillow.

The father gazed at him long and earnestly, and then bent down and pressed a fervent kiss upon his cheek.

"The world will be kinder to him may be," he said, as he went down stairs to where his wife sat alone in her little parlor.

Two hours later Gaston Dubois left his house and bent his steps towards Westminster.

All was still as he quitted it, all remained tranquil; the neighbors when they were questioned afterwards had heard nothing. No sound had gone forth upon the night air to tell of aught unusual, save now and then the wailing cry of a little child as though in terror or pain.

About the same time Lord St. Aubyn left the stately party at the palace, and also took the road towards the venerable old abbey. The destination of both men was the same—a gambling house of note frequented by them both. They met on the threshold, and, without speaking, went silently in together.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE PLAYERS DID WITH THEIR STAKES.

Lord St. Aubyn, handsome, popular and *feted* on all sides, had been by no means happy during the brilliant festivities of the evening. The haggard face of Gaston Dubois kept rising to his memory, and his wife's words that she did not think his request for help a joke, were uncomfortably present to him.

As soon as he could he quitted the crowded rooms, and leaving his carriage for Lady St. Aubyn, who was quite accustomed to be so left, he called for a hackney coach and ordered the driver to go with all speed to Heartwell street, Westminster.

Heartwell street has no place on the map of London now; mighty improvements and the strong arm of the giant progress have swept it from the face of the earth, and handsome shops and first floors of offices, with shining plate glass and wondrous stone work, occupy the ground where the two unpretending rows of houses once faced each other.

A quiet little nook in all appearance, with neither business nor traffic, was Heartwell street; it seemed a place forgotten by the world, as though the whirl of city life were a hundred miles away. Yet for all this it was as well known and as celebrated as any place in the metropolis. Two or three of the most frequented gaming houses were within its precincts, and hither came occasionally all the rank and celebrity of the time.

Estates were won and lost, and family fortunes changed hands there, and many a tragedy was enacted after a night at the play table, of which the world heard nothing, or if it did, only a garbled, one-sided account.

Many a fatal duel had its origin in a Heartwell street brawl, and many a suicide went to a nameless and dishonored grave, maddened by despair and the loss of his all at the fatal tables.

On the steps of one of the most famous of these houses the two men met—"Datchet's," it was familiarly called, and was fitted up with great splendor. It looked just like the other houses in the street—a plain, unpretending dwelling enough outside, scrupulously clean and well kept, but with nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors.

Once inside the front door, however, it wore a very different aspect. Built out at the back, it stretched away over the piece of ground intended for its garden, and contained spacious and well lighted rooms. The neighbors could see nothing of the reputed magnificence within, for the windows were of stained glass, which filled the apartments with glowing light, and shut out the cheerless prospect of back windows, and gardens where nothing grew, which was the only view they commanded.

In the day time the visitors were comparatively few, but at night they crowded in from all quarters—men of science and learning, of wealth and rank; all the "wits and beaux of society" came to hazard their gold—some from the love of play, some to pass away the time, which hung heavily on their useless hands, and many, alas! from the confirmed gambler's restless hope of one day retrieving his losses and making a fortune. Of this last class was Gaston Dubois, or rather he *had* been of this class, though none knew his poverty but himself. On this night hope and purpose were dead within him; and he had come to Datchet's to play one last desperate stake, and then lay down his cards forever.

Many of his friends were there—all the men from whom but a few hours before he had asked assistance were still in the house, and Lord St. Aubyn he met on the threshold. The young nobleman was startled and alarmed at the sight of his haggard face, and did not speak till they were in the house. There was no one in the passage, and he turned to him kindly, and held out his hand—

"I'm glad we've met," he said frankly. "I am afraid I was a little hasty just now, but I thought what you said was a joke."

"A joke! oh, yes, it was a joke, but it's past now—over forever."

"But, Dubois——"

"I have no need now, my lord, of the help I sought then; my necessities are at an end."

"I am glad to hear it, very glad; but still, if I can do anything——"

"Nothing, thank you. There is no need for anything now. In a few minutes I will thank all my friends for their good intentions, as I do you, my lord."

Lord St. Aubyn shuddered at the expression of his face as he spoke, it was so full of mingled ferocity and hatred. He was about to reply; but Dubois pushed open the door of a little side room and went abruptly in, closing it after him. The peer turned into the chief saloon, which was brilliantly lighted and full of an eager, anxious assembly.

The shaded lamps threw a bright light on the long table, round which every seat was occupied by players in all stages of the gambling fever, who watched and marked every chance of the game with almost savage earnestness. Behind them stood a shifting throng of less interested *habitues* of the place, who looked on and advised and betted as their whim prompted. Among these Lord St. Aubyn was greeted with much *empressement*. Way was made for him to approach the table, and more than one player rose to give him place thereat.

"There's your chair, my lord," said a dissipated looking young man, motioning him to a seat. "It's been a devilish lucky one for me. "I've won all the evening."

"Satan always helps his own," growled a gentleman opposite, whose seat was decidedly *not* a winning one. "Who was that came in with you, St. Aubyn?"

"You have sharp ears, Brooke," replied the young man, "to hear anything outside with all the clatter going on in here."

"I heard two steps and two voices. Was it Harmston?"

"No; only that poor devil, Dubois. I'm afraid he's going wrong in his head."

"Ah, I dare say; he was cleaned out yesterday; most every rap, so the story goes, and what do you think he did this evening. Ha, ha!"

"What?"

"Came here begging. Ay, absolutely begging, or acting. I didn't feel quite sure about it, though the rest of the fellows knew it was a joke, they said, and asked Evesham, and Bradley, and Dornton, and one or two more besides myself, to give him a guinea, for he was starving! You can't think how well the fellow did it."

"I can guess," said the young man, gravely. "Well, and what did you say to him."

"Say? Why we laughed immoderately at the jest, of course; it was well done, but he went a little too far; he wouldn't give it up; talked about murder and suicide and all sorts of uncomfortable things, and went off in a huff because we didn't seem to see it."

"Suppose it was no jest after all, but terrible reality?"

"Oh, pshaw! nonsense! Dubois is always playing practical jokes of that sort. He starving! Why, he's rich. I've seen him play as high as any one here before now."

"No criterion. I hope his tale may not be true; if it be he will have reason to think us but summer friends, who would not help him in his adversity."

"A—a—I never thought of it in that light. I'm willing to help any one; and Dubois is a good fellow after all, only——"

Mr. Brooke stopped short in his speech, for the door opened at the moment and the man he was talking about stood before them. If he had looked wild and haggard when he appealed to his friends at the palace gate he looked ten times more so now.

His eyes were dull and bloodshot, and his hair hung in tangled masses over his damp forehead; he stumbled forward in the bright light as though it blinded him, with the gait and gesture of a very aged man.

Lord St. Aubyn had not noticed his appearance in the lobby and he was startled and alarmed at it now; his usually neat attire was in strange disorder, and the fine frill of his shirt was crumpled and torn, and flecked here and there with spots of blood.

His hands shook as though with palsy, and he seemed to be making vain efforts to speak; he grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, and looked round on the men who gathered about him in alarm.

"Dubois, what is the matter?" asked young Lord Evesham, almost a lad in years and handsome as an Adonis. "Have a glass of wine, man; you're ill."

"Ill," he said, speaking as if with a mighty effort. "Oh, no, not ill; I came to speak to you, you were one of them, you and your bosom friend there, my Lord Dornton and Mr. Bradley, and Brooke yonder, who might be the father of you all, ha, ha! I came to thank you!"

He laughed wildly, and they looked at one another in consternation.

"Is he mad or drunk?" whispered Lord Dornton to his neighbor.

"Neither, by the Lord!" he said, catching the words and laughing again bitterly; "not drunk, except with sorrow and misery—not mad, for I have come to my senses within these three hours. I had delusions, gentlemen; they were pleasant ones, but they were the drivelings of an idiot. I fancied myself a popular man with a loving wife and pretty child; with a happy home and troops of friends—true friends, mark you—who, when the sky lowered and the clouds of adversity came, would, by the sunshine of their warm hearts and the charity of their helping hands, bring back the dead summer; but it was all a dream, a dream, and I've wakened to sleep no more for visions such as these."

Lord St. Aubyn laid his hand upon his arm with an action that was almost a caress.

"All these you have still, Dubois," he said gently; "home, wife, friends and all."

"All these I dreamed I had," he replied, with the wild light of insanity glittering in his eyes; "but I've wakened now. I left my wife *at rest*," he went on with a fierce meaning that made them look at one another in alarm; "*she* will never know want and hunger or despair, or the cold slights of sunshine friends any more. *I* have taken care of that, and before I join her I have to thank you for the kindly aid which first suggested to me to open the gate of heaven to her."

There was a mistaking the wild meaning of his words, and there was a moment's pause of absolute terror, no one but St. Aubyn daring to lay hold of the madman—for mad he undoubtedly was. He was beginning to speak, when Dubois went on—

"Not you, my lord, you don't count. You helped to wake me from my dream, but you would have lulled me to sleep again, only you were too late—too late. I'm going to Amie—that's my wife, you know; and you, my generous, kind friends, shall see what your kindness has done for me. You won't believe in joking for the rest of your lives, I fancy."

"He's mad," whispered Lord Dornton to St. Aubyn, "stark mad. What shall we do with him? What's that he's saying? Good heaven! he's *killed* his wife!"

He was maundering on now with one hand in his breast, as though he did not see or hear any one around him, and they listened, trying to believe that his wild words were nothing but mad ravings.

"I should not have left the boy. He'll want his mother, maybe; but he'll find friends, sunshine friends, as his father did, and he'll do, he'll do. They told me on that dark night to go home to my wife. I'm coming, Amie; I'm coming."

They all heard his words, they were clear and distinct; but none of them saw what would follow. There was an instantaneous movement of the hidden hand, a cry, and a spring forward from Lord St. Aubyn; a blinding flash, a loud report and Gaston Dubois fell forward on the table a corpse, his blood sprinkling the bright-colored cards which the terrified players dropped from their hands, and flecking with terrible spots the heaps of gold and bundles of notes, any coin or single leaf of which, tendered with a kind word but a few hours before, would have prevented a double tragedy.

In a few moments all was confusion; doctors and watchmen were on the spot, and ere the hubbub subsided more officers arrived, with the dead man's little son in their midst. They had been fetched by the neighbors to the house to which the child's screams had attracted them and found there the corpse of Amie Dubois.

To track her husband to Datchet's was easy work. No one would take charge of the poor child and they were about to take him to the workhouse. The terrible story of the suicide took but little time in telling; and Lord St. Aubyn took the little boy from the hands of those who held him and soothed and caressed him. The child clung to him as childhood will to a protecting hand, and he turned to the officers who had brought him.

"I will be accountable for this boy's future, he said with quivering lips. "I might have stayed, perhaps prevented the fearful tragedy of to-night, and I passed by on the other side. Bear witness, gentlemen, that I, Harold St. Aubyn, in the presence of yonder poor corpse, promise to do the best I can for this fatherless boy. The recollection of this night's work will be a bitter memory to me as long as I live."

"To more than you, St. Aubyn," said Mr. Brooke, regarding the handsome child in his friend's arms with mournful interest, "as we all unwittingly shared in driving poor Dubois to—to what has happened, so we will all share in the only atonement we can make—the support and education of his son. What say you, gentlemen, shall this money, on which the blood of despair and misery has been scattered, be set aside for him?"

He swept up his own as he spoke—no inconsiderable sum—and put it on a small salver which stood there. Silently the others did the same till there lay beside the corpse, over which a covering had been thrown, what he would have deemed a fortune on the morning of the day he was now ending in the next world. Lord St. Aubyn sat down, with the child still clinging to him, and covered his face with his hands.

"Heaven forgive us," he said in a broken voice. "We made a mistake, but it has been a fatal one. Invest the money for the boy as you will, Brooke; by and bye he will want it and thank you for it; at present he shall be my charge."

And so, by his father's dead body, in the saloon of a gaming house, was the future of Eugene Dubois planned and decided.

CHAPTER III.

A TALE TOLD AT A JUVENILE FETE.

Over a period of more than twenty years our story will but lightly pass, till we come to the manhood of Eugene Dubois, whom we left so fearfully and suddenly orphaned at the end of the last chapter. Lord St. Aubyn had nobly and manfully fulfilled the trust he had taken upon himself, beside the corpse of the man who had been nothing more to him than a gaming-house acquaintance—an idle-hour companion, yet of whose terrible end he had fancied himself in some measure the cause.

Gaston Dubois and Amie, his wife, were decently and quietly interred in a suburban cemetery, the verdict of the jury at the double inquest being, murder and suicide—but "while in a state of unsound mind" was added in the case of the perpetrator of both crimes, and the poor remains were allowed to go to their rest without any mark of ignominy or scorn.

There were no relatives or friends to come forward and claim or reject the little orphan thus so suddenly thrown upon the world, and Lord St. Aubyn had to ask no leave to take him home. The little fellow was left with a neighbor till after the funeral, and then arrayed in neat mourning, he was removed to his lordship's house.

Lady St. Aubyn, a gentle, kind hearted woman, and a mother herself, received the forlorn child with tender pity, and for a time the dark-eyed southern looking boy was an inmate of her nursery, and shared with her own infants the care and superintendance of her motherly and respectable nurse.

He was an impetuous, hot-headed youngster, but with great natural affection for those who were kind to him, and a remarkable aptitude for all kinds of learning and head work.

He soon got beyond the nursery teaching at Elm House—as Lord St. Aubyn's town mansion was called by one of those strange perversions of ideas, which give rural names in the very heart of brick and mortar wilderness—and was transferred to a preparatory school of a high order, only spending his vacations in the house of his patron and benefactor.

During these he was treated in every way like the rest of the household, and grew up in ignorance of his obscure origin and the terrible fate of his parents. It was mistaken kindness, doubtless, on the part of Lady St. Aubyn, but she strove to keep her husband's protege from being wounded, and forbade the servants to speak of his antecedents, either to him or among themselves, and her children knew nothing but that their foster-brother, whom they dearly loved, was an orphan, with no kind father and mother like their own.

That he was a beggar but for the kindness of those who had seen his father die; a nameless, destitute pauper, never entered their little heads, and, if it had, it would have had no meaning for them. They saw him as well dressed, as handsome, and far more clever; sharing their pleasures and comforts, and participating in their parents' love and thought of nothing else. Between Gerald Stanley, the son and heir of Lord St. Aubyn, and the little Eugene a warmer friendship than that of mere childhood soon showed itself. They were all in all to each other. Damon and Pythias, Saul and Jonathan, were the names which were laughingly bestowed upon them in the household.

The other two children of the little nursery group, lovely, but delicate girls, died within a year of each other, when Stanley and Eugene were severally ten and eleven years old, and they alone remained—the orphan taken in and educated for charity, and the son and heir of the house.

They played together, and after a while learned together under the same tutor, never suspecting, either of them, that there was a gulf between, impassable and deep—the mighty gulf of caste, which in a few years would stop their loving intercourse and put a stop to their childish friendship, so deep and tranquil now.

Among their earliest and most cherished playmates with whom they walked and rode, and spent almost every available hour in town or country, was Alice Venables, a child younger by two or three years than either Gerald or Eugene, she daughter of the owner of the next mansion to Elm House.

Mr. Venables' estates joined Stanley Hope, which was the name of Lord St. Aubyn's country seat, so that the children of the two families were seldom separated. Alice had lost her mother, and was the spoilt darling of a too indulgent father; but she was a loveable, gentle child who kept her goodness and sweet temper, through petting and tenderness enough to ruin a whole seminary of young ladies.

Eugene loved her dearly, and she returned his childish tenderness with all the ardor of an affectionate heart, until one day they were rudely awakened from their youthful dreams by the sudden knowledge of Eugene's position and parentage.

Eugene was about thirteen and Stanley twelve years old. The latter was rejoicing in the prospect of going to Eton and immediately becoming a man, and the former had been already for some time at an excellent private school. Lord St. Aubyn, in his impetuous generosity, would have sent him with his son, but his friends advised him against it, and Lady St. Aubyn also thought wisely it would be better not.

"He will have no fortune, Harold," she said, when they were talking the matter over, "except the money so terribly collected for him."

"Which will have quadrupled itself by the time he wants it," her husband said. "Brooke knows what he is about, and the boy's interests will not be forgotten in his hands."

"But still it will be no *fortune*; not enough to give him an income. He will have to do something; try and fit him for it."

"You are a wise woman, my love," his lordship said, "and it shall be so."

So Eugene Dubois, instead of being sent to Eaton to graduate into a fop in company with hundreds of the youthful aristocracy, was put to a good high-class school, fully understanding that he was to be fitted for a profession, and that when manhood came to him, with its thousand pleasures, it would bring its cares too, for he would not be rich, and he would have to work, but never dreaming that he was not a gentleman, nor the equal of the boys by whom he was surrounded.

He was handsomer by far than any lad in the school, learned with more aptitude, and was as well supplied with clothes and pocket money, and deemed himself the equal of them all. It was during the summer vacation that he was so rudely awakened to the knowledge of what he really was.

The two boys were spending the lovely fine weather at Stanley Hope, riding, walking, fishing, going where they listed, and always with pretty Alice Venables by their side.

Her father came down for a few days, for he was always longing to see his child, and for her pleasure organized a juvenile *fete* and pic-nic in the woods adjoining Beech Grove, as his house was called. After their out-of-door tea, Alice and Eugene strayed a little away from the noisy, merry group, as they often did when with other children, and, hand in hand, chattered away in childish fashion of their affection.

They were watched and followed by an unamiable lad, a year or two older than Eugene, who was dreaded by all the children of the neighborhood as a common persecutor, and who delighted in nothing so much as to tease and worry those younger than himself—as cowards and bullies always do.

He watched the two as they wandered away and thought it was a fine chance of tormenting Alice, who would have nothing to say to him. He strove to listen to their conversation. Innocent children, they were making vows and promises for an unseen future, and building for themselves fairy castles in the air.

"Then you will be my little wife?" the boy said in the fulness of his heart, "and never love any one else when I am gone back to school?"

"That I will," she replied, putting up her rosy lips, to ratify her promise. "I'll love you dearly always, Eugene."

"Will you, though?" said a coarse voice behind her. "No you won't, Miss Venables, when you know all about him."

The children started and turned round.

"Ah! about Eugene?" Alice said, inquiringly. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Miss Alice; you wouldn't promise to love him always if you knew what I know."

"What do you know?" asked Eugene, angrily. "Nothing against me, I am sure. Get out of Miss Venables' way and let us alone, or I'll——"

"You'll what?"

"Make you."

"You can't do that," retorted the lad defiantly. "Alice would leave you fast enough if she knew what I know—you mix with gentlemen, go to school with gentlemen's sons! It's time some one let in the light, and I will!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'll soon tell you—ay, call the rest of them, Alice, and let them hear," for the child had turned in alarm and beckoned to some of her companions who were coming up, "it's time they should know what a cad this fine gentleman is."

"Eugene isn't a cad," said Gerald, coming hastily up. "You dare not say that to me, Clarke Ashton."

"I dare to you or anybody. I dare say to you all that he is a beggar, living on your father's bounty—a pauper brat taken away from a charity funeral to be your foster brother. More than that——"

"Shame—shame!" murmured some of the lads, but Gerald crept closer to his friend's side.

"Go on, Clarke," he said, while Eugene stood half stupified, looking at Alice's frightened face. "Poor boy, he had no grounds on which he could face his tormentor and say boldly, "It is false," and he shivered with apprehension lest it might be true.

"Yes, I'll go on," he replied, "and knock Mr. Vanity there off his pedestal if I can. Fine clothes and a handsome face don't make a gentleman."

"Nor money neither," growled Gerald. "At least it hasn't made one of you."

The other went on without hearing or heeding. "Not all your good looks and grand airs, Master Dubois, can make you other than you are, a gambling swindler's son who murdered his wife and killed himself, leaving his son to the mercy of the world he was ashamed to face any longer himself."

The children looked at one another in terrified silence. The horror of the story seemed more than their minds could grasp at once, and they turned from Eugene to Alice and Gerald, as though they would ask them to explain the mystery. Alice was still with fright and sorrow. She saw the misery working in Eugene's face—a misery too strong for words, and her brother's cheek flushed with passion. He was the first to speak.

"It's a *lie*, Ashton—a cowardly, cruel lie!" he said, passionately.

"Cruel or not, it's the truth."

"Prove it."

Eugene said not a word; he was too completely stunned and horrified at the bare possibility of such a story having any foundation. Little did he dream, poor lad, that it was truth, every word of it.

"Oh, it's easily proved," Clark Ashton went on. "Mr. Brooke told the whole story to my father in my hearing. Eugene Dubois' father shot himself in a gaming house after he had killed his wife, and the only fortune he will ever have was gathered from the players at the table on which his body fell. Now you know who your fine foster brother is, Gerald Stanley, and I fancy I've opened Miss Alice's eyes, too; he won't be cock of the walk, as he has been, any more, I suspect."

"Stop!" exclaimed Gerald, as Eugene with a low moan fell prone upon the grass. "You've killed him! Be satisfied; you can't do more."

"Not I; he'll live long enough to follow in his father's footsteps," was the brutal retort, and the speaker turned away, leaving the happy party in which he had raised such a storm silent and alarmed. Alice and Gerald beat over the prostrate form of their friend, imploring him to speak to them, while the other children stood aloof uncertain what to say or do.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RELEASE OF A FEATHERED PRISONER.—A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the College des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavoring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted by vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which brought a vast flock of other swallows. [illegible] crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord and freeing their companion.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 23 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,360 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

RED RIDING HOOD, Bordentown, N. J.—1. Possibly not any, as each district can have but one West Point cadet at a time, and it takes him four years at least to complete the course. 2. Between the ages of 17 and 22, but any honorably discharged soldier who served one year can be admitted up to the age of 24 years. 3. The individual selected shall be an *actual resident* of the district or territory from which the appointment purports to have been made. 4. They must be able to read and write well, and perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of arithmetic, of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions; they will also be required to have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, descriptive geography—particularly of our own country—and of the history of the United States. 5. I would depend upon the man. 6. Apply to the Inspector, Military Academy, War Department, Washington, D. C.

INQUISITIVE, Clinton.—1. The salary of such a performer in a first class theatre in this city is from $25 to $30 a week. 2. You could board in London as cheaply as you can here. 3. General performers get about $20 a week. 4. Items would be acceptable. 5. A first old man in a theatre plays all the leading old men. 6. A good advance agent can get from $35 to $75 a week and expenses. 7. Such performers are not required in a theatre.

CAPT. TRAVIS, Chicago, Ill.—There is no rule governing the matter, but our opinion is that when a man has been chosen by representatives of the principals to fill that position, without any questioning to discover his eligibility in all respects, the whole matter must be left to his honor, and his decision must be final, provided always the he discharges his duties in accordance with the recognized rules.

J. H. D., New Brunswick.—1. A pair of tights, shirt, skull cap and trunks, are all that are required. You can get them of R. B. Kent, 282 Bowery, this city. 2. From $40 to $60 a week. 3. Advance agents for a circus are generally paid so much for the season. Assistants from $25 to $35 a week. 4. Layers out about $20.

CONSTANT READER, Salem, Mass.—1. We cannot state positively, but judge him to be an Em raider. 2. Yes, S and C would both go out in such a case. 3. Waller Town stands, as near as possible, 5 feet 8 inches in height, and in condition weighs about 154 lbs. 4. Bob Brettle was born at Portobello, Scotland.

C. H. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—"At cribbage, A plays, and B says 'go,' the points being 27. A then plays a pair of deuces, the last cards in his hand, making 'thirty-one.' B holds a seven, an eight and a nine. Does A count four by his play, and does B by his play take five, as well as each counting them severally in their hands?".....Yes.

I. H. W., Brier Hill, N. Y.—"In a four handed game of euchre, if a player goes alone and another player goes alone against him, how many tricks must the man who made the trump get to count four points?".....He must take all five tricks. The other player has no right to play alone against him.

L. F., Pittsburgh.—B has not the option of either refusing or accepting the card exposed in dealing the cards called for. It must be placed at the bottom of the pack and a fresh one dealt him. But if it had been exposed in dealing the hands at first, the player is bound to take it.

DON CARLOS, Pittsburgh.—1. Louisa is not married. 2. She made her *début* Feb. 27th, 1861, at the Academy of Music, this city, in the opera of "Rigoletto." 3. She receives $300 a week. 4. Photographs of the lady can be had of Weimyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

J. L., Philadelphia.—"At cribbage, A plays a ten, B a five. A a five, B a four, A cries 'go,' when B plays a tray, taking a sequence of three, then a deuce, taking another sequence of four. Was it right in so doing?".....Quite right, and might have taken another one had he an ace.

J. S.—1. No is are considered first class. 2 There are a great many who travel together and do the same line of business. 3. As to who is the best is a matter of opinion. 4. She is married; do not know her age. 5. Nellie is not married, we believe. 6. He is considered a good comedian.

BILL PITT, Boston, Mass.—1. He gave his advice and influence in favor of Lilly. 2 No. Chris. was seconded by Bill Ford and Country McClusky; McCoy, by Jim Sanford and Ben Chantrau.

CONSTANT READER, Rutland, Vt.—The vote for Governor in Maine was 75,834 to Chamberlain and 55,431 for Pillsbury, consequently Chamberlain's majority was 20,403, and A won the bet.

RICH, St. Louis.—Our answer was correct. There is no "double sequence" in playing the cards in cribbage, consequently B could not take points for two sequences on playing his last card.

R. P. R., New York.—There is no instance on record of any person killing 47 pigeons out of 50, with No. 12 shot at 18 yards rise. Such a feat may be possible, but we think very improbable.

W. H. C., Pittsburgh.—You will have to take out a United States license, the particulars of which you can learn from any revenue collector in your city. You will also have to pay a city or town license in nearly every place where you perform.

C. B., Baltimore.—1. See our summary. 2. Wemyss, the future movements of the ladies. 2 Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city. 3. One dollar and twenty-five cents for three months, postage twenty-five cents extra.

J. F. B., Boston.—1. Jenny Lind was born at Stockholm, Oct 21st, 1821. 2. She returned to Europe May 29th, 1852, since which time she has occasionally appeared before the public. 3. We cannot furnish you with the back number.

ROLL, Baltimore.—1. The lady is at present in California, and we cannot inform you when she will appear in your city. 2. She is considered as good in every respect. 3. Mr. Owens was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1823.

FESTIVE CLUB.—1. The pack must have been defective. The ace not being in hand, no other card could represent it, and the dealer must play alone. 2. Being partners, they add two points to their score.

FRANK B., Kansas City.—1. There is no horse from Australia that has offered to trot against Dexter. 2. Dexter cost Mr. Bonner $33,000.

D. AND C.—Hyer and Sullivan fought at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md. February 7, 1849, Hyer winning in 16 rounds, 17 minutes 18 seconds.

Q. AND E., Newark, N. J.—Dan Donnelly beat Cooper, near Curragh Kildare, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1815, and Oliver at Crawley, Sussex, England, July 21, 1819.

CONSTANT READER, Brewster Station.—1. If the cards run out by giving each player three at a time, they must be bunched and dealt again. 2. High deals in cutting for deal at both.

J. P. H., Bound Brook, N. J.—1. Dexter was raised in Orange county, N. Y., by Mr. Jonathan Hawkins. 2. Mr. George Alley, for $450.

C. H. M., Cory.—The letters we have advertised for Charles Morris at different times were not for you but for the minstrel manager.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—1. The company will not visit your city for the present. 2. Get "American Hoyle" from Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, this city.

G. A. R., Meadville.—Harry Hank is at present in California. He was playing in the theatre with Laura Keene the night President Lincoln was assassinated.

R. H. S., Providence.—The lady has been married so many times that we have been unable to keep a correct record of the number.

SAMMY LA GRANGE.—1. We did not notice the match because it was a put up job and then a failure. 2 There is no champion.

TOM, Dayton, O.—1. Yes; Oct. 5th, 1867, at Fighting Island, near Detroit Mich. 2 Over 1,000,000. 3. Nine times. 4. About 2 0,000.

J. M., New Iberia, La.—1. You can obtain British Fixtures by ordering through Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city. 2. None but label in this country.

COCKADE.—1. You were entitled to a count, provided the ball forced off was not your own. 2 You count, under the same proviso.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—The match was announced to take place at Irving Hall several weeks ago, but Plummer failed to come to time.

A. V., Troy, N. Y.—Direct a letter to the Pearsall Brothers, care of this office. From $75 to $125, or more, according to style.

T. W. C., Philadelphia.—Not having graduated at either institution, we cannot state positively, but we believe them to be equals in importance.

EXCELSIOR, Baltimore.—1. The piece belongs to Boucicault, and is not copyrighted by any one. 2. They receive a per centage on the nightly gross receipts.

WILLIAMS.—Ben Wheeler is at present in Detroit, Mich. A letter sent to him, care Joe Quinn, 1,109 Larned st., will reach him.

C. H. H., Baltimore.—1. See our city summary. 2. In California, while traveling through the country. 3. She is still traveling with the company.

CLIPPER HANK, St. Louis.—1. She was formerly engaged in a concert saloon in California. 2. Fred. never saw her while there.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY.—1. Dan Bryant and W. J. Florence are their right names. Bernard Flaherty is the right name of the other party. 2. Aaron Jones is living in Cincinnati.

HOMER.—We know no other plan than to put the case in the hands of a collector or lawyer. We have no personal knowledge of the parties.

TEDDY SMITH, Fort Benton, M. T.—"Too far to walk." It would be absurd to allude to it.

P. W. S., Warren, Ohio.—Grant's majority over Seymour in the late election was 309,722.

JEROME SPINNER, Dayton, Ohio.—Seymour's majority in New York State was exactly 10 000.

T. A. S.—The President's salary is $25,000; Vice President $8,000, and Gen. Grant's about $19,000.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield, Ill.—Four strikes in succession, at ten pins, count nine's.

C. A. V., Detroit.—We are already attended to in such matters.

J. R., Syracuse, N. Y.—Yes. B had a right to say that the trick was his.

J. O. C., Rock Creek, N. T.—The player next to the dealer cuts off.

J. F., St. Louis.—They are paid according to their merits. From $20 to $60.

POKER.—A hand is foul and he has no right to take another card from the pack.

H. C., New York.—Dexter's fastest time was 2:17¼. He has no record of time when beaten.

TEXAS.—If A goes $1 blind and B straddles it, it will cost C $4 to come in.

L. E. T., Fort Shaw.—In England the rule is to keep to the left invariably in driving.

A. B., Greenbush.—Dexter was sold to Mr. Bonner for $33,000. His best time is 2:17¼.

P. D.—The stage of the Broadway Theatre is one of the smallest in the city. The Tammany, we believe, has the largest.

CURIOUS, Springfield, O.—Philo Nathans is at present in this city.

SOL STAR, Cleveland, O.—They are not engaged permanently anywhere, but are traveling about with different companies.

BLIGO, Wheatonville, Md.—He was not the same man. The person you refer to is now residing in this city.

W. M. J., Detroit, Mich.—Aaron Jones was born March 1st, 1833.

C. F. McC., Binghamton.—You can procure a copy of Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

HARRY L., St. Louis.—A column of theatrical advertisement will cost you $45.

M. M., Albany.—You should not have touched the top card but have left your partner to do it for himself.

CONSTANT READER.—Your opponent was right; the ex ras about it not be taken until the hands are played out.

DICK.—1. Bergman's majority was over 25,000. 2. Ada is not married. 3. Her age is about eighteen.

OLD READER.—Wallack's, 1,583; Olympic, 1,538; Booth's about 1,800; Old Bowery, 2,345; Niblo's, 2,029; St adt, 3,385.

J. V. D., Boston.—She is not the wife of either one of the gentlemen you mention.

ST. JAMES, Cincinnati.—It was a catch bet, and therefore we cannot decide it.

J. F., Fort Buford.—The quickest way is via. St. Louis and the western route.

SEATORIAL, Chicago.—Mead and Swift are announced to skate on the 20th.

STUTT, New Orleans.—Not knowing the parties we cannot say.

JOHNSON, New Orleans.—We know nothing of his abilities as a short stop.

FRED BURST.—Letter forwarded to P. O. You neglected to give your address.

HENRY, Baltimore, Md.—Sam Collyer [illegible] at Memphis, Tenn., when last heard from.

GEATS, New Orleans.—1. Plumstead did [illegible]. 2. He was born and raised in the western part of this State.

E. V. W., Greenpoint.—Your best course would be to get a situation in a good theatre as utility man.

RISO, Baltimore.—The "Black Crook" was originally produced at Niblo's Garden, in this city.

FRANK, Buffalo.—1. He occasionally sends us items of news. 2. It is a nautical mile.

CHICAGO.—As Lady Ellen in "Lady of the Lake," in Rochester.

C. W. HAMILTON.—He went to California for Barrett and McCullough's new theatre.

W. "A." A., Washington, D. C.—Much obliged for attention.

A FRIEND, Frankfort, Ky.—He is in St. Louis.

HARRIS AND BROADWAY.—The advertisement costs 75 cents.

VAN, Albany.—We do not understand your question.

SLIM JIM, Washington.—We have no record of his death.

READER.—Rosewood and maple, we believe.

W. P. G., Parkville.—The lady is traveling through the west.

W. CLARK.—Exactly ten thousand.

BRIDGEPORT.—1. Yes. 2. Washington, D. C. 3. Very likely. J. H. R., Indianapolis.—1. We still hold it. 2. Mutuals.

J. A. C., Rochester, N. Y.—No; that was a bogus report.

F. T., Williamsport, Pa.—See answer to A. V.

VOTER.—See answer to E. V. W.

MASTER E. J. G., Boston.—Fifteen dollars a week.

T. C., Richmond.—There is no female champion cloggist.

MOMUS.—He was born in Canada.

FAIR PLAY.—There is no champion song and dance man.

THE BOND ROBBERS.

The celebrated Jonathan Wild, finding that the disposal of stolen property was accompanied with dangers and loss, resolved himself from a receiver of contraband wares into a thief captor; in other words he discovered his best patrons in those, repurchasing back that which they had originally lost. To this man we owe the introduction of the pernicious system of rewards for the recovery of stolen property, which is actually and legally the compounding of a felony, whereby the encouragement of crime is secured through immunity bestowed upon criminals, as the chronicles of criminality inform us that the thief reaps a far richer harvest through restoration of the goods, by him appropriated, to their owner, than he can anticipate from the extortions of habitual receivers such as the Fagan of Dickens represents.

The system of Jonathan Wild, so facetiously designated as the Great by the satirical Fielding, has been revived during the past few months in this city to a terrible consummation, as is testified by the long catalogue of bond robberies, commencing with the startling depredations upon Mr Lord's office, and not ceasing, we are tempted to believe, with the mysterious disappearance of some one hundred and thirty thousand of valuables from the doubly secure safes of a banking firm in the midst of the New Year's holiday. In fact, it is estimated that, during the past year, not less than three millions of dollars in Government and other securities have been feloniously appropriated by ingenious thieves and peculators, and not a hundredth part of this immense paper treasure has reappeared in the market. And worse than all, not a single party suspected of authorship of these astounding felonies has been brought to judgment or conviction.

Now, we do not and cannot blame the metropolitan police for this calamitous condition of affairs, which has wrought a decided revolution in the outward character of crime, heretofore of an open and determinate aspect, but now of an occult and crafty combination, as to time, place and circumstance, baffling the ingenuity of an ordinary person. Burglars, foot pads and assailants upon persons, are, from the daring manner of the commission of their crimes, readily to be captured by the members of our police force, while the recovery of property, stolen by violent means, is an easy task for a well trained detective, who should enjoy immunities and privileges in the latitudes of his avocation, which we cannot bestow upon a common policeman. The philosophy of crime and its history is as much a matter of literary treatment as the study of surgery, or of any other science, and consequently a professional detective requires as thorough a training as does the lawyer or the physician. The prevention of crime is merely the result of physical force, and oftentimes the simple presence of an officer disarranges the most elaborate scheme for plunder. But to ferret out the authors of an act after its commission requires talent, ingenuity, and a knowledge of character and, habits, which can only be acquired through years of practice and of personal experience.

That the character of prevalent criminality has assumed this perplexing change, so far from being taken as evidence of the incapacity of the police, is incontestible testimony that, as far as regards crime in its ordinary developement, our preventative system, if not perfection, as to its especial working, has been productive of immense and stable results, and the very audacity exhibited in the perpetration of violent offences demonstrates the desperate straights to which felons have been driven through the vigilance and discipline of our force. The race of burglars, of garroters, of criminals, formerly esteemed as the most exalted and dreaded of the felon hierarchy, have, in a measure, become extinct within our metropolitan limits, but the damage inflicted upon the community by these time-honored freebooters is more than ten times exceeded by the substitution of a new and more dangerous body of forgers, of confidence operators, of sharpers and, above all, of bond robbers operating in the very heart of a crowded, mercantile community, far beyond the ken of the ordinary police and the legitimate sphere of their habitual action. Ingenuity has supplanted force as a means of perpetuating criminality and consequently it becomes almost every man in extensive business to rely upon himself for protection and to devise measures to arrest a further spread of a moral epidemic.

We notice that some of the losers of the contents of a banker's tin box advertise that for restitution of the property a "reward of five thousand dollars will be paid and no questions asked." These parties, who are shrewd, practical men, and dealers in commodities similar to those stolen, fully comprehend the motive inducing their loss, and actually announce their intention of becoming, indirectly, it is true, participants in the crime. "No questions asked," in plain English, means that no prosecution will follow the discovery of the crime, perpetrated, it is true, against the property of the advertisers, but likewise against the peace of the people of New York and their dignity. They are well aware that the bonds are unmarketable, that payment of them has been stopped, that presentation of them would, at least for a time be fraught with danger, and that the only object of the robbery was the extortion of a reward for the return of the bonds, and this reward they willingly propose to extend to the robbers, coupled with promise of personal immunity. In other words, they are perfectly anxious to accede to the essence of the crime, successful consummation of which will induce others to follow in a like path of felony, so openly and thoroughly agreed to be compounded, contrary to the form and spirit of the law, in this public advertisement. Our modern bond robbers, unlike the bandits of old, hold the property of a man, and not his person, in captivity, in order to obtain ransom, and we have the singular spectacle of a leading mercantile house gravely and seriously proposing to redeem their stolen goods by a heavy financial recompense, and no steps to be taken for the punishment of the offenders. In this way Jonathan Wild's theory is revived and put into successful practice.

According to the code of mercantile morality, based upon the pure worship of mammon, it may be deemed honorable among business men to commune with felons to get back their property the best way they can, but we contemplate the offering of rewards, accompanied with promises of immunity against prosecution and conviction to be an enormous misjudgment, to say the least of it, if not, as the statute implies, a penal offence, as the crime of robbery, like all other crimes, is an outrage against the community and not against individuals. In matters of breaches of trust, wherein the penal code secures no penalty as against the offender, restitution of misappropriated property may be conscientiously invited, but the offering of rewards for the encouragement of plain, downright criminality, can in no form be justified. Mind, there is a great distinction between the bestowal of pecuniary recompense upon others not connected with the felony and the abduction of the criminal, nevertheless we are inclined to regard the whole system of financial bonuses as corruptive and tending to augment immorality.

We are aware that it is a hardship to be suddenly deprived of a handsome fortune, and be compelled to a loss of time and money in insisting upon a criminal prosecution of the despoilers, but then, as the terror of the law consists mainly in the certainty of punishment of the law breaker, the interests and privileges of one or two individuals are not to stand in the way of the welfare of a general community. In this case of bond robberies, instead of suffering the offenders to reap the harvest of their iniquity, their punishment should be insisted upon, even at a heavy cost, by means of a public reward subscribed for by the great body of brokers, bankers and other financial dealers. Incendiarism was prevalent to a wonderful extent during the past year, but the evil was thoroughly eradicated by a combined movement of the insurance companies, in maintaining a large and a sending reward applicable to any case which might, in any wise, occur. Is not this precedent a worthy one to be followed as to the bond robbers?

BIG FIRE.—There was a very destructive conflagration in Philadelphia during the past week, one of the places destroyed being an extensive jewelry establishment on Chestnut street. The fact of there being such great wealth in the burning building induced the police to prevent the firemen from entering the building, thereby restricting their efforts to outside operations. While a body of firemen, working in the building, in their usual way, with hose, axes, etc., could have confined the flames to the one building, the refusal to permit them so to work, but confining them to the outside, was the cause of the fire extending to the adjoining property.

THE CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE have a grand masquerade ball at the Academy of Music, this city, on the 21st inst. We thank the society for an invitation to be there, and hope that their terpsichorean enjoyments may be up to concert pitch.

SCOTIA'S WORLD WIDE FESTIVAL.

The 25th day of January may be justly regarded as the best observed festival current among people of Scotch origin; for in what nook and corner of this wide, wide world do not the sons of Scotia congregate to commemorate, appropriately, the anniversary of the nativity of Robert Burns? And there is something so singular, so touchingly chivalric, in this ovation to the memory of a peasant poet which has rendered it almost inapplicable to those universed in the traditions and manners of the Land of Cakes. To a Frenchman, nay, even to an American or Briton, the peculiarity of this homage seems, in a measure, both extravagant and ridiculous, for to them the poetry of Burns is little better than an intelligible jargon, while the character of the man, as related to us by his most charitable apologists, abounds in features which repels accepting his actual existence as no model for moral imitation.

We can readily imagine the enthusiasm created among the German students by allusion to the deeds and works of Schiller, and we can well expect that memory of Korner, hero of the Lyre and the Sword, should be crowned with immortal bays as long as a souvenir of his patriotic songs and of soldierly death lingers within the Teutonic heart. We can appreciate the dignity of the Angle Saxon sentiment, were the nativity of William Shakespeare regarded as a national event and duly commemorated by those speaking a language which, in a great measure, obtained currency through his pen. We could comprehend, at a glance, the significant reason wherefor Voltaire, precursor of the great revolution of '93, one which has not as yet terminated, should be canonized by the French as a national saint. All these poets, of world wide repute, are so thoroughly identified with the political or moral progress of their country that appreciation of their good qualities, of the inestimable benefits by them conferred upon mankind, could be aptly commemorated in setting apart their natal anniversaries as festivities, to be respected by their countrymen at home and abroad.

But how are we to account for the remarkable unanimity with which Scotsmen have preferred the ploughman, singing his "wood notes wild" in the comparative obscurity of the Scotish border, to numerous other poets and authors, who have sung the praises of Scotia to the delight of a universal reading world? In what, asks the critical reader, was Burns superior of Thomson, or of the truly national poet and romancer, Sir Walter Scott? And, if not in literary merit, in what personal virtue, in what act of public or private life did this particular demi-god excel the rest of his countrymen, so that he has been exalted to a position in their hearts which has been denied saints, kings and local potentates, for as to sincerity and enthusiasm the celebration of St. Andrew's day is not to be compared with those of like nativity of the humble peasant, who has, as far as hilarity and good fellowship is concerned, absolutely dethroned his apostolic patron. Here, again, the skeptical inquirer is at fault, for, guided by the light of prevalent opinion, Robert Burns, as a man, would be cited a specimen of eccentricity wholly at variance with our established notions of propriety.

Nevertheless there is a good reason for this preference of the low born poet over the long line of gifted predecessors, who may have flourished to greater advantage in the great republic of letters, and that very impediment against the universal recognition of Burns, as a standard poet, contributes to his exaltation among his countrymen, for in genius, character and language no man could be more wholly and positively a Scotchman, one whose entire ambition seemed devotion to the characteristic of his co-patriots, through tender allusions to the manners, the customs, the traditions, the superstitions, even the minutest peculiarity distinguishing the every day life of the lowland Scotchman, by whom the dialect preserved by Burns, recalls powerful reminiscence of the locality of their origin. Moreover, the modest simplicity of the poet's style appeals to the ear, and through it to the heart, while his descriptive powers were so extraordinary that no one conversant with the localites of poems can peruse them without conjuring up a vivid panorama of familiar scenery. True, to the classically cultivated taste, the poetry of Burns is rude and inharmonious, yet neither polish and harmony in the most skillful of hands could produce the intensity in emotion wrought upon a native Scot through recitation of a simple couplet of the peasant bard. Poetry is the music of the soul, awakening the passions as it touches the chords of the heart; hence, while a fastidious critic would fly in anguish beyond hearing of a bagpipe, we have known more than one sturdy Highlander shed tears of gladness as by chance a strolling piper ventured to execute some wild strain, recalling memory to his boyhood's home. And a similar effect is produced upon the general Scottish mind by the poetry of Robert Burns, most appropriately designated the last, the greatest of Scotia's national bards.

The Scots, like all inhabitants of rugged and unpropitious countries, were, and still remain, sincerely patriotic and attached to the land of their birth. For centuries before the rise of the Helvetian confederation, the Highlander of Scotland occupied that place in European domestic history in modern days allotted to the adventurous Switzers, a race of hardy, honest mountaineers, forced to emigrate through stern adversity to more favored lands, wherein they earned their livelihood by the sword or by commercial thrift. For centuries the nobles of Scotland held high military positions upon Continental Europe, and let a traveler drop into the good old Church of St. Germains-Des-Pies, once, as its name imports, on the outskirts of Paris, and he is struck with amazement as he reads the familiar names of the illustrious dead in this mausoleum of expatriated Scottish greatness. Long before Ivan of Wales organized his band of mercenaries to protect the tottering throne of France, the archers of the Scotish Guard, recruited annually from the most valiant of Scotia's younger sons, constituted the forlorn hope upon which the French monarchs placed their firmest trust.

But it was not to the employment of his sword alone that the Scottish emigrant relied for an honorable living, inasmuch as thousands of them scattered themselves over the face of Europe as itinerant traders, penetrating, on foot and with pack on back, to the utmost limits of Christendom. In truth, these Highland venders of goods and wares were the Yankees of their generation, crafty, practical and persistent traffickers, noted for their shrewdness and commended for their frugality and reliable honesty.

Notwithstanding these various migrations the Scotchmen were remarkably attached to their home, and especially to the countless ballads, traditionary legends, and me rical chronicles of the land of their birth, knowledge of which they spread abroad to such a surprising extent that a recent traveler relates his astonishment at hearing an Arab mother chaunt her child to sleep to the melody of an old Scottish song, peculiar to the district of his birth.

No country was more prolific in ballad poetry than Scotland, and as an instance of the tenacity with which the Gael held on to the text of ancient poetry, orally communicated, we can only cite the fact that Mr. Macpherson was enabled to compile the poems of Ossian from the recitation of illiterate men, treasuring, in memory, lines descending from remote antiquity. And as a test of the enduring popularity and universality of Scottish minstrelsy we can remark that many of the Jacobite ballads are favorites with the present generation as well in America as in France, although the rebellion ceased over a century ago, while others of a more modern origin, such as "Hail to the Chief," "Old Robin Gray," etc., are still familiar as contemporary airs.

Robert Burns came to the Scotians as the final bard of the country's nationality, re-awakening the dormant sympathies of the past, at a moment when Scotland, as a separate nationality, was destined to be preserved in the chronicles of time; he attuned his harp to awaken the sluggish memories of the past, and enriched his modest theme with pleasant allusions to the present; in his animated verse—the product of the heart rather than of the minstrel's skill—the son of Scotia, be he where he may, drinks inspiration from the memories of "Auld Lang Syne."

POETS AS HOSTLERS.—Cutter, in his "Song of Steam," begins, "*Harness* me down with your iron bands." We think that the author might have procured from among his brother poets a complete set of harness for his iron horse. One balladist sings, "Come *rein* me, my lassie, and I'll take thee to my home." However, that is only a small portion of the rigging. But another "poick" hurries to contribute his offering in these words: "Oh, she was sir, but sorrow came and left his *traces* there." Another old boy talks of his young lady a little more cheerfully, and helps us also: "And all the *lines* that sorrow left are faded out in joy." Our poet's hero is a gentleman of "great *choice*." Another one parades, "A man of wondrous *pitch*." We are thus getting well on towards a complete set of harness, we believe. The following lines, however, bring us a very necessary addition: "Loving hands with simple flowers had decked her for the *bridal*." For fear that the *lines* we have procured above might prove a little weak, we are doubly provided in the solemn declaration, "Silence *reigns* supreme." As we now only require something to start the "animal," we whip up with the following: "*Lash* him to the rack."

OWING TO THE GREAT OUTCRY made over the murder of Mr. Rogers, we fear that our friends out of town may be led to believe that a murder is a very rare thing in this city. We hasten to disabuse the minds of non residents of this fallacious idea. Why such an extraordinary hue and cry has been made concerning the death of Mr. Rogers, we cannot fathom, but certain it is there has not been such general interest manifested, in what is now an almost every day occurrence, since the Burdell murder.

KILLING.—New papers, magazines, etc., are the order of the day, and all sorts of odd and eccentric advertising is resorted to in order to bring these bantlings to the notice of the public. In advertising a monthly, the jubilant publisher says:—"See the new number, now ready, and bursts."

THE GOOD FOLKS OF TRIESTE found fault with Louis Napoleon for having subscribed five thousand francs only towards the monument to be erected to the late Emperor Maximilian. Ungrateful wretches, they overlook the fact that he is at the very bottom of the monument, inasmuch as he was mainly instrumental in furnishing the corpse.

ENTERPRISE.—An English paper, bearing the title of the *Eastern Star*, has been started at Alexandria, Egypt, which is a startling evidence of English enterprise.

"ON THE TOWN."

Some writer of a statistical turn of mind has put in print a statement to the effect that there are within the city limits two hundred thousand persons who go to bed without any intelligent idea how they are going to forage on the morrow, and who without any distinct notion as to where they will sleep the next night. This is, doubtless, an exaggeration, although it probably does describe the condition of a great many useful members of society who, temporarily deprived of employment, and too proud to work, go into winter quarters and hibernate as best they may until the return of milder weather brings change. Out of these there may be some who have exhausted the Jeremy Diddler plan for raising the wind and are obliged to resort to anything, honest or dishonest, that may keep the wolf from the door. Those who belong to the actual "poor"—the class which wears by a divine right, more unquestionable than that of kings, the pauper's badge—are not by any means the most unfortunate of all who have their abiding place within the limits of Manhattan, being oftimes provided with a jovial dispositition which enables them to philosophize in the midst of trouble. The true "Miserables" of New York are those who were born with an idea that the world owes them a living (including superfluities), without exacting any effort in return. These should have been born to independent fortunes, having everything else that is desirable, or in keeping, but not being so blessed, contrive to keep up appearances and make a show of living upon the best. The number of hotels and boarding houses is legion, and credulous landladies are sufficiently numerous to answer desired ends. The unpleasant shifts to avoid undesirable rencounters on the stairs, the manipulation of door keys, the evasions and subterfuges, are but parts of a system well understood by men who live by their wits, and by some are practiced with remarkable success. When, however, the operator is circumvented and his baggage remorselessly seized, or when at the hotel it is discovered that the trunk is ballasted with stone, a climax arrives which calls into force all the resources of the most fertile of schemes. There is another class, extensively recruited from this element, for which lodging houses yawn, of every grade and at all imaginable hours. If there is any one state of existence which can be said to surpass another in hopeless misery, we should say it is this. In this instance, the cash system is the only system in vogue. "Propel or pungle" is the ever ready motto. One would suppose that the mere fact of being obliged to sleep in unaired sheets, without fire and almost without a light, with two or three strong room mates, in the midst of stamping boots and slamming doors, and all the noises incidental, including the splashing and scrubbing at five in the morning, might be considered justificatory of a call on the landlord for pay, but he will persist in regarding things from another standpoint, and inexorably demands his fifty cents from every comer. There are the cheaper lodging houses, varying all the way down to twenty-five and fifteen cents, in some of which, in dingy garrets or basements, men, women and children huddle together indiscriminately, and none know what roof on the next night may shelter them. The necessities of a great city are stern and unrelenting, and amid so much misery it is hardly to be wondered that now and then some fall from the paths of propriety and virtue. The poor wretch who purloins a goose or a ham is seized and borne off to punishment condign, but the accomplished rascal of gentlemanly exterior who quietly bags a cool fifty thousand in bonds—a thing done every day—disappears with his booty, and, likely as not, is never heard of again. There are others who break open stores and take liberties with citizens' pocketbooks, but these are an inferior sort of riff-raff, and have been educated, as it were, in the primary schools of guilt. As for other means of maintaining a respectable appearance in public without the necessity of paying therefor, they are "as numerous as the leaves in yonder forest," but to do the thing in style requires an apprenticeship and a degree of natural talent which, applied to any other pursuit, would produce wealth and honors.

RINGS.

Little hoops of gold are often very valuable from the gems attached to them; and little hoops of gold, which have no gems to make them costly are yet made priceless treasures by the associations and heart histories which cling to them. The practice of wearing rings for ornaments is almost coeval with the creation of our world, and it was but a little interval before they became something more than merely decorative pieces of jewelry. In the days when mailed hands never held a pen, the use of a distinctive emblem to authenticate documents which only the learned could read became necessary, and signet rings were known almost as soon as seals were thought of. The ring thus very early became the mark of favor from great lords to their dependents. Instances of authority delegated through rings are frequently found in the Scriptures. Pharoah gave his to Joseph, we remember, and Ahasarus to his favorite Haman, and then to the latter's successor, Mordecai. Some rings are historically famous. The one given by Elizabeth to Essex, and sent back by that unfortunate nobleman, but withheld by the faithless Countess of Salisbury, is an example; and Richard Plantagenet, "of the lion heart," was betrayed by one, while attempting to steal through Austria, from the Crusades. The wedding ring is of ancient date, though it is now difficult to say exactly when it first came into use. It is to be regretted that the practise of marriage with a ring is not now universal. The ceremony itself has something expressive and touching in it; and the little golden souvenir of days of love, vows, and of the solemn troth plighted in the House of God, might at times have a salutary effect. Remembrance, even, is often holy.

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joys"—

and perchance affection remembered might sometimes soften the acute angles of life; and, like a soft answer, "turn away wrath."

The ring, as a token of love, has long been recognized. The fashion of engraving mottoes within them was certainly known before the time of Shakespeare; for he thus alludes to it in the "Merchant of Venice":—

—"A paltry ring, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife—*Love me, and leave me not!*"

The early ballads and border minstrelsy of England and Scotland are full of testimony to the respect and admiration with which the ring was regarded. It was a pretty and favorite comparison to liken affection to a ring, because it had no end. The following little effusion is hardly germain to our subject, but it contains a delicate pun on the word, and we may perhaps be pardoned for quoting it:—

"I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door;
So he called up a Lucy, 'twas just ten o'clock,
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

"Now a hand maid, whatever her fingers be at
Will run like a puss, when she hears a *rat-tat*;
So Lucy ran down, and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger, and answered the door.

"The meeting was bliss—but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go.
So she kissed him, and whisp ered, poor innocent thing—
'The next time you come, love, pray come with a *ring*.'"

CURIOUS PEOPLE.—There is a town out in Illinois, so we have heard, where the people are so curious about their neighbor's business that a man can scarcely undertake a piece of work, on account of being pestered with questions. They say that a man wishing to build a house thought he would provide for the coming avalanche by placing out a signboard, communicating his intention, giving the names of his builders, and describing the house completely, as a two story brick, of six rooms, etc. He thought he had fixed things when he saw all the *quid nunes* reading it, and went to bed content. About midnight, however, he was aroused by a thundering din at his front door, and looking out, he beheld about a dozen of his anxious fellow citizens. "Well, what do you want?" he cried in great wrath. "Well, squire," said one "long drawn out" specimen, "you forgot to stick on the board yonder *what color you're goin' to paint it!*" That is all we heard of the yarn.

THE FINE ARTS.—A Dutch painting, "by an old master," represents one of the wise men wearing a surplice and spurs, presenting the model of a Dutch frigate to the infan Saviour. This is not the first mistake of the kind; we once heard an able preacher, who, referring to the burial of the Saviour, spoke of the Roman soldiers guarding the spot with their muskets on their shoulders. Another genius, who drew a picture of "Moses Slaying the Egyptian," represented Moses shooting him with a Colt's revolver.

SWITCH OFF.—It is solemnly asserted that a New York hair dealer has the largest switch of human hair ever imported; it measures five feet one inch. This is, no doubt, a matter of *importance* to *importers*, generally, each one of whom will be particularly anxious to secure a switch an inch or two longer than the other one.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT congratulates itself that no prolonged disturbance will follow the exaction of an unpopular mill tax. The government is undoubtedly correct, for it would be almost impossible to find any man willing to fight any length of time for the tenth part of one cent.

THE NEW YORK TELEGRAPHERS have their annual ball at Apollo Hall on Friday, the 29th inst. We thank the gentlemen, including the secretary, Mr. M. K. Thompson, for an invitation to be there.

A LYING KNAVE must the proprietor of that ladies' trimming store be who advertises with the greatest effrontery that he has "a new stock of *false hoods* for sale."

CHICAGO has several extraordinary fat men, to get around whom is a task requiring much time and trouble. Might not all this bother be avoided by tunneling them?

"OUR JIM" has turned his attention to political economy lately, and has come to the conclusion that our city government is entirely too "coarse."

CAN IT BE?—They do say that the most prolific and extensive tree in the world is Devil tree.

A STRIKE.—Pastilists, as a general thing, are as regular as any clock in striking one.

Sporting Squibs.

— Count Lagrange, during the past year, won $130,000 in wagers on the turf in Paris.

— While skating on the ice at Ottawa, Ill., on the 12th inst., two young men named Deuel and Thorn were drowned.

— An English Opera House in Brooklyn is being continually peddled about.

— An untamed feline, five feet long, was slaughtered at North Adams, Mass., recently.

— Skating rat soon cut income in Missouri, for there the sherry trees are in blossom.

— A yacht is being built by the Emperor Napoleon, calculated, it is said, to beat every vessel of its class afloat.

— A cynical husband says that the only good run of luck he ever had was when his wife ran away from him.

— The *Newport News* puts its announcements of births under the head of "New Music."

— The farmers of Newark, N. J., have purchased property for $6,000, on which to build a capacious hall.

— Why is John Morrissey's proboscis like Broadway? Because his bridge was broken by the effect of (hard) Knox.

— One hundred and fifty thousand new r

Davis' friends. Both went down in this round, Bill being the upper dog in the fight.

4. The men clinched and some sharp hits were exchanged; Davis getting one or two blows on the mug, which disfigured his facial aspect for the time being. A clinch followed and both men went down, Allen on the top.

4. Allen got in a terrific right hander on the body, but from the force of the blow missed his footing and dropped gently on the ground.

5. This round opened with some slight exchanges, and Davis managed to get in a nockdollager somewhere above Tom's breadbasket. Tom returned the compliment, and visited the nasal organ of his antagonist in a very unwelcome fashion. The round was mainly in favor of Allen, and at the close his star was in the ascendancy, and the bet log of two to one in his favor was resumed.

6. A short round, in which Davis went down to avoid punishment. Allen can boned him against repeating this.

7. Mutual complimentary exchanges, all in favor of Allen. His antagonist tried the drop game again, whereupon Tom called him an old coward.

8. Davis delivered a well directed blow which, however, missed its object. The combatants hugged each other not very affectionately, and then went to the ground; Allen, it was alleged, striking him while down, which he denied, and the claim of a foul was not allowed.

9. Davis' face continued to grow more disfigured and ruddy, Allen dealt him another terrific blow square on the mouth; Davis was rapidly loosing ground, and betting on him had nearly ceased.

10. There was a look of terrible earnestness on the countenances of both men, and they eyed each other with gladiatorial keenness. Allen was the first to pay his respects, and did it in a manner to make Bill feel the force of the blow, for the latter reeled to the earth, and Allen gazed upon him as though he had a comparatively easy path before him.

11. The men went to work again, Allen using his right hand with damaging effect, when they clinched, and as they were going down it was claimed that Allen was gouging the eyes of his opponent. Tom stontly denied this, and called somebody a liar.

12. This was like the last. Allen's right fist landed somewhere on Davis' body and the latter went to grass.

13. Davis walked up to his man, and managed to get in a right smart blow on the cheek and in return took one on the left side of his knee-pledge box and went down, Tom smiling very pleasantly at him all the while.

14. Allen continued fresh and rosy, and tried to force the fighting. He got in one on the shoulder and another on the potato trap, Davis going down again to avoid punishment.

15. Davis was rather slow in coming to time and was evidently husbanding his wind. He struck out with his right and as usual, missed, but rallied again and dealt Tom a terrific blow somewhere in the vicinity of the left eye, which sent him on the ropes, and consequently to earth, at which there was great cheering for Davis.

16. Early in this round Tom managed to get in two stinging blows on his adversary's head, which Bill returned smartly, and got one in on Tom's b east, which sent him to the earth. (Renewed cheering for Davis.)

17. Some sharp countering took place, in which Davis got the worst of it. Allen was taking matters easy, dealing his man two or three body blows which sent him to the earth. Betts of three to one were here offered on Allen, but there were no takers.

18. Tom went for his man in earnest and landed one on the bread basket, smiling as usual at William, when the latter went under.

19. Davis' mug was terribly lacerated and bleeding at every pore; he tried to smile at Tom, but the latter didn't see it, and led off with his right, which resulted in Davis' going to grass.

20. They eyed each other with the ferocity of tigers. Tom, as usual, opening the battle, followed by a clinch, during which Tom had his hand on his opponent's eyes, and it was claimed that he was practicing the gouge game. This round was all in favor of Allen.

21. Heavy blows given and taken, and Davis sent to earth again with comparative ease.

22. All delivered a two handed blow, right and left, and Bill went down as usual.

23. Allen was first to the scratch, and laid out his man in a remarkable short space of time.

24. Curious manoeuvring on both sides; Davis' tried to deliver an effective blow on Tom on the cook, but failed in the attempt; managed to get in one on the breast, soon after which both went down.

25. Allen got in a terrific left hander on Bill's mug, and the latter retreated to his corner, evidently growing weaker, which fating Tom noticed, and magnanimously shook hands with him.

26. A few heavy exchanges, and Davis was down. Allen remarking as he got up:—"You're the sickest fighter I ever saw."

27 and 28. Tom pitched in fiercely, determined to bring matters to a close, landing heavily on Bill's bread basket, and bill surrenders in his usual style.

29. Davis was slow in coming to time, and all hopes of victory had vanished from his vision; still he fought and determined to die game. Tom had easy work this round.

30. Some counter-hitting. Davis received a stinging blow on the mug. Allen also got in a terrific upper cut, which sent his antagonist reeling across the ring.

31. Davis came up to be knocked down. The old story. He dropped like a log, and some of the men outside called on him to stop fighting.

32 to 41. Totally in Allen's favor. Davis was growing very feeble, and his face was terribly bruised and battered. Tom, on the contrary, looked completely fresh, and had but few injuries save some unpleasant ones in the vicinity of his eyes.

42. Davis came up slowly, and received a stinging blow on his right cheek; his strength was fast failing him, and victory for Allen was not far off.

43. This was the last round, only one blow being necessary to finish the work for poor Davis. He was terribly punished.

Charley Gallagher, who was present, offered to fight the winner for two thousand dollars, which Allen accepted, and on the day following articles of agreement were sign d between them at St. Louis, to fight for $1,000 a side, on Feb. 23d. The stakes were handed to the winner on the afternoon of the 14th inst., we believe.

TOM ALLEN AND CHARLEY GALLAGHER MATCHED FOR $2,000.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

While the admirers of the Institution of the ring in this section are lamenting the gradual decay of their favorite pastime, their brethren of the west are rejoicing over a temporary revival of its fortunes. Just now the fistic art appears to be in a flourishing condition in the prairie country, and in addition to the contests which have recently taken place thereaway, indications are that much more sport is yet in store, for those of the fraternity who have their abiding places in the Mississippi Valley. The most important match now on the docket is that between Charley Elliot and Tom Allen, which was entered into at St. Louis on Wednesday, 13th inst., and resulted from a challenge issued by the former imm diately after the termination of the one-sided affair pulled on the previous day between Allen and Bill Davis. This engagement will give rise to far greater interest among the patrons of the fine thing than that in which Tom made his *debut* as a fighter upon our soil, for in the present match one, at any, will be disposed to regard the issue as a "sure thing" for Allen, as he will have opposed to him a man with the advantage of youth upon his side, capable of enduring a greater amount of punishment, and possessed of more science than the hero of Belfast. It will also, provided everything is conducted properly, afford an opportunity of ming a correct estimate of Gallagher's abilities, which, owing to the unfortunate character of the encounter in which he has hitherto been engaged, are at present but imperfectly understood. As will be observed by the subjoined articles of agreement, but one month from the date of our present issue will elapse ere the decision of the match, in case nothing arises to compel a postponement:—

Articles of agreement entered into this day, January 8, 1869, between Charles C. Gallagher and Thomas Allen:—The said Charles C. Galla gher agrees to fight the said Thomas Allen a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of $2,000—$1,000 a side. The said fight to take place on Tuesday, the 23d day of February, 1869, not over one hundred miles from the city of St. Louis, Mo., and not less than fifty miles from the said city. In pursuance of this agreement $200 a side are now deposited in the hands of Mr. Lawrence Hennessey on behalf of Mr. Allen, which last named gentleman shall be the final stakeholder. The next deposit of $250 a side shall be put up at Mr. Lawrence Hennessy's, No. 804 Fourth street, on Tuesd y, the 26th day of January, 1869, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock P. M. The third deposit of $300 a side shall be put up at William Wyall's, No. 417 Washington avenue, on Tuesday, February 2, 1869, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock P. M. The fourth and last deposit of $300 a side shall be put up at the house of Michael McCabe, No. 1,021 Fifth street, on Tuesday, February 16, 1869, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock P. M. The stakes shall be placed in the hands of Mr. ——, the final stakeholder, or his representative, and the party failing to make the deposits, as above mentioned, shall forfeit the money down, the men shall be in the ring between the hours of seven o'clock, A. M. and twelve o'clock, M., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. In the event of magisterial interference the stakeholder shall name the next place of meeting, if possible on the same day. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. The stakes not to be given up until fairly won or lost by a fight. The referee to be chosen on the ground, mutually, by the said Charles C. Gallagher and Thomas Allen, whose decision shall be final. The net proceeds of the excursion to the fight to be equally divided between the principals of the fight.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witness: { MICHAEL MCCOOLE, JOHN LOONEY. } { CHARLES C. GALLAGHER, WILLIAM PAYNE, on behalf of THOMAS ALLEN.

A DRAWN BATTLE.—On the morning of the 11th inst., Billy Gale and Ben Cosman, of the metrop., met at a spot between McComb's Dam and Mott Haven, close by the Harlem river, to try their skill and endurance in a physical contest for $75 a side. Gale was born in London, Eng., in the year 1845 and Cosman first saw light in the county Cavan, Irel nd, in 1844. Gale's seconds were Mickey Moore and Johnny Judas while Frank Finley and Jemmy the Growler, o Fish ill, done the handling for Cosman. The ring was erected on the quiet, and everything in readiness when the men arrived on the ground. There was quite a gathering of sports, mostly from the upper part of the city. There was the usual chinning, chaffing, and betting, in agreeing upon a referee Gale's seconds seemed very anxious to have Mickey Fay or Pat Kenny, but Growler and Finley would not agree, and Tom Maguire was finally chosen. Johnny Parker was umpire for Cosman, and Johnny Blacker for Gale. As soon as the referee was chosen the men entered the ring about half past one o'clock, and time being called, the men appeared at the scratch. Gale was the heavier man by 10 pounds, he weighing 155lbs., while Cosman scarcely pulled the scales down at 145 lbs. The men fought twenty-four rounds, in one hour and seven minutes, when Gale, by a tremendous right handed blow on the neck, knocked Cosman clean into his own corner, and all attempts of his attendants to bring him to proving useless, they, seeing the jig was up, put in a claim of foul, stating that Gale had a small weight in his hand in the last round. Pis ols, clubs, knives and other murderous weapons were now whipped out, and there seemed every probability of a terrible row. While the excitement was going on Frank Finley cut the ropes, and Growler carried his man out of the ring. The referee had not given his decision, and while the seconds of both men were waiting the Growler received a pistol shot in the hip, and Johnny Parker was severely stabbed in the side. Tom McGuire, to avoid further trouble and bloodshed, now decided the fight a draw, for which no blame is attached to him, but all the trouble is attributable to the seconds of the men.

ARREST OF PUGILISTS.—On Saturday, Dec. 26th, two of the principals in the recent battles near Mearns, Ren rewshire, Eng., F. Boyle and J. Hilly, and a pair of the seconds, J. Warnock and J. Connell ("The Turk"), were "run" before the Policeckshaws' magistrates, charged with prize fighting. Boyle and Hilly were fined in £5 each, with the alternative of six days' imprisonment, and Warnock and Connell in a like sum, with the alternative of forty days' imprisonment. This sentence, on being passed, caused Connell to indulge in some strong remarks towards the bench, and he was at once sentenced to another twenty days' imprisonment. Boyle and Hilly paid their fines, but the others went to prison. John Lawrence and James Kelly, matched to fight in the London district, for £10 a side, were apprehended in a public house in the Liverpool road on Monday afternoon, and were brought up before Mr. Flowers, at Bow street, charged with being about to commit a breach of the peace. The magistrate ordered the prisoners to enter into their own recognizances in £40 each, and to find two sureties in £20 each. The men appear to have quite anticipated their capture, and have furnished one more proof of the utter rottenness of the institution in Britain.

THE SHROSBURY CASE—REDUCTION OF RATE.—After the conviction of George Sheldons for leaving Massachusetts to engage in a prize fight on Smutty Nose Island, George Bennett filed exceptions a motion for a new trial, a motion to set aside the verdict and a motion in arrest of judgment. On the 12 h inst., before Chief Justice Ames, the counsel asked for leave to reduce Sheldons' bail. The court, after stating that he had examined with some of his associates as to the variance between the description of the island by the witnesses and the manner of averring it in the indictment, remarked that it was like a case tried in Bristol county for an outrage in a cemetery, which the government had undertaken to discribe with needless particularity, and where they failed to prove the averment. After considerable discussion upon the name of the island and whether it was in Maine or New Hampshire, the Chief Justice ordered the bail reduced from $2,000 to $1,500, and remarked that he would probably set aside the verdict or arrest the judgment on the 18th inst.

BOXING NIGHT AT THE APOLLO.—Monday evening, 11th inst., was set apart for a testimonial to Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, Eng., who recently arrived in the States, and the occasion drew together a fair assemblage of the boys to the Apollo Rooms, 76 Prince street. Very few of the "lights" of the metropolis, either great or small, were on hand, however; consequently the bo ing didn't amount to much, the only sets-to specially noteworthy being those between John Conway and the Hoboken Clipper, Conway and Smith, Lurkins and Dublin Mike, and the wind-up between Dan Kerrigan and the beneficiary in which Dan showed that he carried plenty of steam in his good right arm yet. Young Hanlei and McCarthy, Finigan and the Clipper, Butch Haley and Malloy, and the brothers Stenson also appeared, while Uncle Bill Tovee was Master of Ceremonies. Had the weather been pleasanter the attendance would probably have been larger.

GALLAGHER AND ELLIOTT.—These old opponents, and now bitter enemies, did not come together, as had been exped ed, at the Allen-Davis battle ground, Jimmy rendering it impossible for Charley to "accommodate" him on the occasion, by making himself scarce. Why was this thus? Charley expresses his opinion and says what he is willing to do in the appended communication:—

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 14th, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—Expecting Jerem Elliott to make good his card in your paper, to meet me at the fight between Davis and Allen, to prove who was the better man, him or I, I went there, but found no Elliott present although he was in Cairo two days before. I am perfectly satisfied that Elliott has not the least intention of fighting me where I can get a fair show. I signed articles with Tom Allen to fight on the 23d of next month. Therefore I wish you to return the $50 I sent as a deposit. If Elliott comes to the conclusion to fight where I named in my challenge, win or lose with Allen, I will fight him for $1,000 a side. By giving this publicity in your paper you will oblige Yours, &c.,

CHAS. C. GALLAGHER.

BRETTLE WITHIN THE WALLS OF TROY.—Bob Brettle gave a sparring entertainment at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. N., on the evening of Friday, 15th inst., and was welcomed by a good house, composed mainly of the young "bloods" of that region. After the gloves had been manipulated by a number of sparrers of local repute, and Harry De Cosa, of Albany, had favored the audience with a ballad, the wind-up was given by Brettle and Prof. Jas. O'Neil. Jas. Cronin was M. C. on the occasion.

DEATH OF HANK MCCOTTER.—We regret to announce that Hank McCotter, who was matched to fight Johnny Blackey last spring, and received $250 forfeit, owing to an accident sustained by the latter while training, died at Albany, N. Y., on the 13th inst., of consump ion. He first experienced the symptoms of this insidious disease shortly after he ceased training and sank rapidly, being for a long time prior to his decease unable to leave his room.

ABE HICKEN IN BOSTON.—The light weight champion, Abe Hicken, is to take a "bout" at Revere Hall, Bowdoin Square and Chardon street, on Wednesday evening next, 20th inst., assisted by the talent of that moral village.

JOE COBURN AND BILLY DWYER were sparring together at the Olympic Theatre, San Francisco, nightly, at last advices. There was some talk of Joe engaging in the saloon business with Con Mooney.

ANOTHER SHOW AT THE OPERA HOUSE.—Joe Ryan, whose specialty is wrestling, is advertised to give a boxing and variety entertainment at the Broadway Opera House, No. 600, on Saturday evening next, 23d inst.

SOL AARON netted a fair sum by an exhibition at Revere Hall, Boston, Mass., on the evening of the 11th inst.

DICK HOLLIWOOD was back in Indianapolis, Ind., at last accounts. He appears to have given up the idea of making a sparring tour.

WE HAVE A LETTER for John Morrissey, M. C.

COCKING.

MAIN BETWEEN NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK.

ELEVEN BATTLES FOUGHT—NEW YORK VICTORIOUS.

The second main of the season between the fanciers of the States of New York and New Jersey came off at the usual battle ground, the ex ct locality of which it is not deemed prudent to disclose, on the night of Wednesday, the 13th inst. The conditions of the match were as follows:—To show fifteen cocks on each side at weights ranging from 4 lbs. 4 oz. to 5 lbs. 4 oz., and fight all that fell in at similar weights for $40 each battle, and $300 the odd battle. Eleven on each side were found matched in weight, thus requiring the victorious party to score six winning battles to gain the money dependent on the main. The well known skilful handler, William Cliker, was retained by the New Yorkers, while "Andy" headed for the New Jersey division. The fowls belonging to the latter were mostly of the Tartar strain, while the New York fowls were of the Irish breed, crossed with the "Purdy Lines."

FIRST BATTLE.—The sport commenced as usual with the light weights, two 4 lb. 4oz. cocks, New Jersey showing a black red with blue hackle and New York a red pile. The betting at the start was $100 to $60 on New York winning the main, and $20 to $16 on their winning the first fight. The contest was a good one from the start, the New York bird having no decided an advan age the $20 to $6 was offered on him without takers. The "glorious uncertainty" of the sport was, however, most strikingly illustrated, for although apparently cut down, the Jersey bird "came again," and cut the pile so severely in the throat that he later declined to stand the brunt of the battle, and most ingloriously ran, to the disgust of his backers. Time 9 minutes.

SECOND BATTLE.—The heavy weights, two 5lb. 4oz. birds, were next introduced, New York showing a spangle with blue red wings and New Jersey a brown red. The spangle was the favorite, as he had proved a victor in no less than ten fights last season. He had, however, an opponent well worthy of his spurs in the brown red, and a finer or better contested battle was never witnessed. Both were cut almost to pieces, and their game was so perfect that, although apparently dying, they revived, and again commenced the contest with unabated courage. Victory at last descended on the New York veteran, but not until he had laid out his gallant opponent. Even the losers were satisfied in the result of this tremendous struggle between as game cocks as ever were heeled. Time, 13 minutes.

THIRD BATTLE.—This fight was productive of an immense amount of betting, many hundreds of dollars being invested on New York at the odds of fifty to thirty-five. Chase at Liverpool on Emigrant in 1857, and trained and rode many other winners. Mr. C. Clifford, Jr., and Crundon are the only two cross country riders who have died. The former, who is said to have been the husband of the famous burlesque actress, Miss Lydia Thompson, was killed by being thrown from his own horse, Vindicator, at the Broadway Spring Meeting, and the latter meeting with a fatal accident in a steeple chase in the Isle of Wight. Of the trainers who have died we notice William King, who trained Dalby (the double winner of the Chester Cup), Challenge and other good horses; James Sadler and Harry Lowlough, who trained in France for the Duke of Hamilton. The latter died from the effects o injuries he received in a steeple chase at Nantes in September, for he was a daring rider across country, and in 1859 he was only beaten by a head by Half Caste for the "Liverpool" on Jean du Quesne, and he won this same race three years after on Hunt man.

The past year has witnessed the loss by death of many equine celebrities. Of the stud horses Weath rbit, Newminster, Colsterdale and Orlando are no more. Weatherbit was the oldest of the quartet, having been foaled in 1842, and he was therefore twenty-seven years old. He was bred by Mr. Gully, and was by Sheet Anchor out of Miss Letty, by Priam. His best son was undoubtedly Beadsman, the Derby winner of 1857, and he sire of Blue Gown (another Derby winner), The Palmer, Bodkin, Green Sleeve, Morna and Hero Gomez. But he is also the sire of such good race horses as Mandrake, Weatherbound, Nep ne and Brown Bread, all good winners. Newminster was, with the exception of Stockwell, the best sire of his day. He was foaled in 1848, and was by Touchstone, the St. Leger winner of 1834, out of the celebrated mare Beeswing, the racing idol of the North of England. Newminister did not s art in public until three years old, and although unplaced in the D rby of 1851, won by Teddington, he won the St. Leger in a canter, beating Sir Joseph Hawley's beautiful filly Aubrodite, who was second, and sixteen others. He ran several times after, and up to he end of the year, when in 1854 he started for the Chester Cup, which he retired trainer, John Scott, alw ys asserted he had virtually won, having all but a brilliant finish. He scored one Derby and one Oaks; the former for Lord Zetland, and the latter for Mr. Hill, on Mincemeat, in 1856. He was, however, twice second for the "Blue Riband of the Turf," on Pitsford, when Voltigeur won it, and on Kingstown, when Wild Dayrell was the victor. The same fell disease, so fatal to jockeys, also carried off Arthur Edwards, who was so well known from his connection with the bright blue and black belt" colors of Lord Stamford, for whom he won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1861 with Diophantes, and was third on the same horse to Kettledrum and Dundee, the same year. He won the great metropolitan stakes on Parmesan, the Oaks on the flying French filly, Tilla d'Air, and the Ascot cup on Caractacus, after a dead heat with Sam Rogers on Tim Whiffler, also, another promising young light weight, and Tom Oliver, have both gone; the former achieved most of his victories in the "Mexican Blue" of Mr. Prior, especially on The Rake in the Middle Park Plate, when he beat that wonderful two year old, Achievement, and the latter won the Newmarket Handicap on Talfourd in 1853. Charles Boyce, one of the best steeple chase riders, is also numbered with the dead. He won the Grand National on Lottery, and Cheshire Cheese in 1863

ISAAC M. HOTT.

A BIOGRAPHY.

(Ground out without thinking by "Our Sim,")

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Once on a time, long since bygone,
A growing city of the West,
In want of men and business sore,
With some Hott enterprise was blest.

I. M. Hott was a man "born great,"
So the prophet nurse foretold,
Judging by some marks mysterious,
Which Hott had, as we've been told.

The first great stir he made in town
Was trying blacking boxed to sell;
Hott blacking soon was all the go,
And made the boots and shoes look well.

"Blacking, I. M. Hott blacking, gents,"
Boys shouted, shivering all the time;
"All for the werry small amount
Of half a dime!"

When by-and-by the trade grew dull,
His genius worked another mine—
And to the city he proclaimed
That coal he sold, both coarse and fine.

"Hott coal!" was sung all over town—
'Twas Black-stone, but not Coke at all;
Away went wood—soot followed coal,
Though staying—hot coal burned one and all.

But coal burnt out in course of time,
And seeing summer come apace,
Thought Hott, "I'll lay fresh fuel in,
And start again to win the race.

"Hott ice! Hott ice! ye sweltering folks,
I'll furnish ye both quick and cheap;
And what is well for you to know,
I tell you that Hott ice will keep."

But Hott the way of all flesh went,
And lay at last beneath the mould;
Can't some one prove that white is black,
Since we have shown that Hott is cold?

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS—"FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL IS FAIR."

Observing Richard Brandon's hesitation, the villain who had induced him to come thither hastened toward, and quite pleasantly accosted him.

"I have been expecting you, sir, and thank you for your punctuality."

Richard, still gazing around him with astonishment and mistrust, responded:—

"It greatly surprises me that you should have chosen for our meeting a place of public entertainment—and especially such a place as this."

"I really could not help it, Mr. Brandon, indeed I could not. My friend, Sharkey Morris, will tell you himself that I could hope to find him at no place save this, on his return from the country."

Millington bowed and smiled, and was altogether extremely polite.

"And," he added, "as it was desirable that the little affair between us should be arranged as speedily as possible——"

"Yes, that is true," said Brandon.

"Well, then, you will confess that no time has been lost, when I tell you that my friend, who, as a matter of course, made his way here, returned to London less than an hour ago. Is not that the fact, Mr. Morris?" said Millington, turning towards Sharkey, who had crept up, and was shuffling and fidgeting beside him.

Morris, perhaps unwilling to trust his voice, gave a feeble nod with his head.

"And that man," said Richard, indicating Morris, "has the document which——"

"It was still in his possession less than an hour since, but now——"

"Well, what?" said Brandon, anxiously and suspiciously.

"It is now in mine," returned Millington, blandly smiling. "I explained everything to my friend Morris immediately on his arrival, received from him that paper; and have now only to regret that it was not in my possession at the time of our previous meeting, that you might have been spared all further trouble concerning it, and that a very unpleasant delay might have been avoided."

"Well, then," said Brandon, who through all this had remained standing in the doorway, "let us conclude this business; give me the paper, and——"

"But don't stand there; come into the hall and sit down for a moment or two, while we make the necessary exchange."

Brandon, without attempting to stir, glanced round again upon the company there.

"Ah, I see," laughed Millington, "you have not formed a very high opinion of the people here. There is not much elegance about them, but they are all honest, hard working fellows, however rough and unsightly they may appear to you. You have had an opportunity of judging for yourself of the character of the neighborhood in which my friend's establishment is situated, and could not have expected to find a very fashionable audience within its walls."

"Fashionable? No, but——"

"Pray advance, Mr. Brandon; after all, they are rather a rough lot of customers here, and might treat you unevilly should they observe that you mistrust and are afraid of them."

"No, no," cried Richard, "I am not afraid of them."

He walked several paces into the hall, and instantly, and unobserved by him, the door that he had quitted was closed, and a hulking, evil-faced fellow, walked quietly to and placed his back against it.

At the same instant the lights in the hall were partially lowered and Brandon turned an inquiring and somewhat uneasy look on Millington.

And the latter said, in a careless sort of way—

"The first part of the night's entertainment terminated at the moment of your arrival, Mr. Brandon, and when nothing is doing on the stage yonder, my friend Morris thinks he may as well save a little gas."

"Come, to business," said Brandon.

"I am quite prepared. Pray, be seated; I shall not detain you a minute longer."

Millington sat down beside one of the small tables scattered about the hall, and Brandon felt himself compelled to take the opposite side.

The two men produced each of them a pocket book.

"Here is the paper," said Millington, drawing it from his pocket book and laying it on the table.

"And here are bank notes for the stipulated sum," said Brandon, exactly imitating the other's movements.

The exchange was made. Millington counted and examined the notes and put them into his pocket book, which he then placed within the breast pocket of his coat. And in precisely the same way did Richard Brandon act with the document he had just received.

"Good night," said Richard, then rising, and about to depart.

"Nay, nay," cried Millington, "we must have just one glass of wine together before you leave us."

"Thank you, no: I would rather——"

"Oh, but you must, indeed," pleasantly urged Millington. "My friend Morris has some capital stuff in his cellar—haven't you, Sharkey?"

"Nobody better, nobody better," cried Morris, to whom the sight of those bank notes had done a deal of good.

But Brandon still declined.

"For your own sake, sir, be persuaded."

"What mean you?"

"Well, I have perceived some of the fellows about us fixing on you scrutinising looks all the while you have been here; so well dressed a gentleman as yourself amongst them may have given rise to suspicions."

"What suspicions?"

"That I cannot exactly say. Perhaps they think you are somebody connected with the law—for you must know, sir, my friend Morris has had several informations laid against him concerning this place. I would not for the world see you subjected to ill treatment—and if you will condescend to take just one glass of wine with my friend Morris and myself, it will be thought that you are a friend of ours, and you will be allowed to depart as quietly as you came."

Richard believed there was much truth in all that Millington had just said. His apprehension had been that the paper which his brother had signed would not be given up to him, and that he would be robbed of the thousand pounds which he had brought with him. But Millington had acted fairly in the transaction between them, and he, at least, Brandon no longer mistrusted. And so, answering Millington's last appeal—

"Well, then," said Richard, "just one glass, if indeed it must be so."

Brandon seated himself again at the table, and Millington filled three glasses with wine.

"Good health, Mr. Brandon," said Millington, and drank, emptying his glass.

"Wish you good luck, sir," hoarsely muttered Morris, draining his glass at one gulp.

Richard slightly bowed and drank about two thirds of the glass of wine that had been presented to him.

"And now, good night, sir—and farewell," said Millington, "for it is not likely that after this night we shall ever meet again."

Brandon rose to his feet, reeled, and grasped the back of his chair, to steady himself.

He staggered several paces, and would then have fallen to the floor, but that two men, whom Millington had by a gesture instructed, caught and sustained him.

"Bring him this way," commanded Millington, and Brandon, now perfectly insensible, was placed and held on the chair he had a minute before vacated.

"Now, first of all, to recover possession of that paper," cried Millington, and afterwards we will see to his watch and chain, and whatever property besides he may chance to have about him."

He thrust his hand into Brandon's breast and drew forth the pocket book in which the purchased document had been placed.

"Here we have it!" he said, gleefully, looking towards Morris, and flourishing his prize. But, at that moment, the pocket book was snatched from his hand, and a voice exclaimed:—

"No, I have it!"

Millington and those near him sharply turned about and beheld old Boozey. Up to this point the gamblers in the hall had paid very little attention to anything beside their games, but now cards were thrown aside, bagatelle was relinquished and every soul in the place commenced to take an interest in that other and still more exciting game which was about to be played out. Millington appeared to be in no sort disturbed either by the presence of Old Tom, or by the action which he had just committed. Millington supposed, which was very far from the fact, that Old Tom was then as mad with gin as, on the previous evening, he had been made by Millington himself. Quietly and calmly, and pointing to the inanimate Richard Brandon:—

"Sharkey," his associate said, speaking rather loudly, "let that gentleman be carried to your private room and laid upon the couch, and in an hour or so he will have slept off the fumes of the wine he has taken."

Morris selected three men who carried Richard Brandon from the hall, Sharkey accompanying and directing them.

"Now, Old Tom," said Millington, "I can attend to you. Give me back that pocket book."

Tom had already placed it in his breast and buttoned his coat over it.

"No," he replied, "I intend to keep it."

He turned about to hurry from the hall by the little door at which he had entered, but found his way obstructed by several men who had gathered about him.

"Come, come," cried Millington, "what is the use of all this nonsense? Give me the pocket book and have done with it."

"No, no, there are honest fellows here who will assist and protect me. Good fellows," said Tom, addressing the people there, "that man and Morris, the master of this place, are engaged in a villainous piece of work which I am endeavoring to frustrate—and I call upon you all to help me."

Not a voice was heard, not an individual stirred.

"Ah, I see—I understand now," cried Boozey, as the true state of the case flashed upon him.

"But that your brains are steeped in gin, you would not have been so slow to comprehend," said Millington. "You will now, I presume, very gladly restore to me that pocket book."

"No, never!" determinedly exclaimed Boozey. "I see that these men are all under your orders; but notwithstanding the power that you exercise over them, I fear you not. "No," he cried, turning and addressing all the rest, "I fear not all of you, for other and inhabited houses adjoin this one; there are people in the street without, and my cries for help will be heard." And then—"Help! Help!" with all the power of his lungs he shouted.

Before, however, the first cry was fairly uttered, Millington raised his hand, and instantly every one commenced singing—roaring out their favorite ditty, "Tommy Dodd."

"Oh, wretches," raved Tom; "shameful, horrible! All—all of you accomplices of that infamous villain—all leagued against one man!"

"Now, the pocket book," quietly said Millington.

"Monster!" shouted Tom, "who would have had me kill my own daughter! But heaven interposed."

A dark scowl rested for a moment on Millington's face; the next, he appeared as calm and unruffled as ever.

"I know not what you are talking about," he said, "nor do you, I think. But I am getting sick of this trifling; patience has its limits; so, come, Master Tom——"

"No, no, kill me, cowards, for you shall have it but with my life."

As he said that, Tom crossed his arms above the pocket book.

"What rubbish," shrugged Millington. "You men—take it from him."

Four of the ruffians fastened on Tom, who struggled desperately, while shouting aloud for help.

But, as before, his cries were drowned by the chorus of "Tommy Dodd."

He was forced down upon a bench, his coat torn violently open, the pocket book taken from him and given to Millington. Panting and exhausted, yet was Boozey able to articulate—

"Ah, villain! soon shall you be made to pay for this and all the rest."

He was moving away, but Millington called to him—

"Stop, stop, Master Tom; I have not yet quite done with you."

"What want you now?"

"To bind you to us so securely that you will not dare to interfere with the little matter to which the paper just taken from you relates, nor venture ever to reveal anything of that which has to-night occurred in this place."

"You cannot bind me to that. I know now all about that marriage, and who is the intended bridegroom, and I will prevent it—not even that way will I be made an instrument to kill my poor Eliza! And more than that, I swear to you, that as soon as I am out of this place the police shall know what is doing here!"

"You really mean that?"

"Yes, for if I acted otherwise I should be as cowardly and as infamous as are you and your companions here."

"In that case, I shall be compelled to keep you here, at all events till you have been brought to a better state of mind. Take him away!"

Again was Old Tom seized, and again were his cries drowned by "Tommy Dodd."

Several men lifted aside the bagatelle table, and others opened a trap which it had covered. Down that trap with brutal violence, was Old Tom Boozey forced, and barely was it closed upon him and those who descended with him, when Sharkey Morris, pale as a ghost, ran into the hall, gasping out—

"The police—the police!"

The bagatelle table in a moment was replaced above the trap, and, while several surrounded it, two men, who had not relinquished their cue, appeared to be very earnestly engaged with their game. In marched a sergeant of police and two of his men with him.

"What's all this noise about?" inquired the sergeant.

"Nothing, sergeant, nothing," Sharkey Morris found courage to answer; "these gentlemen are enjoying themselves a bit after the regular performance, that's all, serg-ant."

"Oh, very well, but there needn't make such a row over it."

"Good night, sergeant!" shouted several voices as the policemen walked from the hall.

And hardly had they reached the door, when Old Tom was heard below, calling for help. Again was "Tommy Dodd" roared but and the bagatelle players knocked the handles of their cues loudly on the floor by way of accompaniment to the voices. The sergeant, returning, put his head in at the door, shouted "Order!" and disappeared once more. And when it was known that the three policemen had quitted the building and were out in the street again, the ruffians, who had had so narrow an escape, danced wildly about and shouted with delight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY—AN ESCAPE AND A RESCUE.

The trap being closed above his head, Tom Boozey found himself in complete darkness.

But that perfect obscurity appeared to be of no consequence to the men who had descended with Tom, and who, grasping his arms, hurried him as quickly along as though they had been in the broad daylight. First, Boozey was led past beer and spirit casks, that his olfactory organ made known to him; and afterwards through damp and mouldy passages and cellars, as he knew by occasionally bumping against a wall, which told him that he was in a narrow way, and again, by the hollow sound and the reverberation of his own and the voices of those who were with him. At last, the hands that had been leading, thrust him violently away, and he heard a door close and the key turned within the lock. He had been thrust within a narrow cell, as a very feeble light revealed to him. A table and a stool was there, and Boozey thought—

"This is to be my dungeon, and one more gloomy it would be difficult to find."

He sat down upon the stool, and with his elbow on the table, strove to reflect and to realize his position. What would be done with him? Would they kill him, unless he consented to become one of that atrocious band, of which he knew now Millington was the bold and audacious leader. He would never consent to that, come what might. No, not even though they should leave him in that horrid hole to starve to death. But as that idea occurred to his mind, an exclamation of terror forced itself from his throat. His darling Eliza. If only he could know her happy, then would he almost cheerfully die—yes, even to encounter the most lingering and torturing death the wretches into whose hands he had so madly thrust himself would have power to inflict upon him. He had come to Morris' music hall that night in search of Millington, and with a vague idea of doing something, he knew not what, to obtain vengeance—to punish Millington for having driven him to the verge of murder, even to the slaying of his own child. Boozey sank into a kind of stupor, a leaden apathy, which was almost unconsciousness, and which endured for about half an hour. He was at last aroused by a rumbling sound, which had indeed occurred several times before, since he had been in that cell, but which had passed unnoticed by him. His eyes having become accustomed to the surrounding gloom, he could see into every corner of his dungeon, and peered about, wondering where the little light that entered the place could come from. And the feeble rays that struggled into his cell were reflected from a gas lamp; he felt quite sure of that. Raising his head and looking around the walls of his prison, he saw near the ceiling a very small grated opening, and perceived that it was through that opening the light filtered. So greatly bewildered by all that had befallen him was the poor man, so benumbed were his faculties, that he found it difficult even to think and reflect, else had that light and the rumbling sounds he heard been no sort of puzzle to him. But presently there was a rush and a roar, which caused the walls within which he was enclosed to vibrate, and Tom exclaimed aloud—

"The underground railway!" and wondered how he could have forgotten that one side of the Nonpareil Music Hall was close beside it.

If only he could escape on to the railway! He tried two or three of the bricks in the wall of his cell; the mortar had become loosened by the damp, and he was able to remove them with very little trouble. Elated with hope, he placed the stool upon the table, and was able to reach the small grating above. First, he tore away the slender iron bars, and then employed them to help him in making an opening sufficiently large to enable him to work his way through and to drop himself down upon the railway. When he had made an opening about half large enough for his escape, Tom suddenly paused to look down upon the line. It had just occurred to his mind that perhaps the distance he would have to fall would be greater than he might venture with any hope of saving his limbs. Looking down, he saw that the height was not that considerable, but not so great as to deter him from undertaking it. About to withdraw his head and to resume his work, "God of Heaven!" he fairly shrieked. He had seen a man lying across the rails, almost directly beneath him, and so placed that he must be, if he remained there, inevitably crushed to death by the very next train that should pass along. And even as thus he thought and said to himself, Boozey heard the rumbling of an approaching train, and the sound at first distant, was growing nearer and louder every moment.

"Merciful heaven! Oh, aid me!" cried Boozey, working frantically to increase sufficiently for his passing through the opening which he had already effected. "It is the gentleman whom they drugged just as I arrived; he is still insensible, and they have lain him there that he may be killed, and they escape suspicion—oh, powers of mercy, I shall be too late to save him!" wildly exclaimed Tom, as the roar of the train grew louder and louder, and he could see the fire of the coming engine.

"I will—I will rescue him, or I, too, will die," shouted Tom, and dashed his whole weight against the already broken wall.

He fell through, and headlong upon the railway; partly stunned though he was, he collected himself sufficiently to crawl towards and to clutch fast hold of Richard Brandon. The engine was scarcely a yard away when Old Tom wound his arms around Brandon's body and rolled with him off the rails, as the train, its wheels within two inches of them, went flashing and roaring past.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GATHERING UP THE THREADS—ALL LIGHT.

Towards evening of the day which followed that when occurred the events last recorded, that apartment at The Laurels best known to us was occupied by no less than six persons; and a very animated conversation was in course of progress amongst them. Those six persons were, the proprietor of the villa and his daughter, the two brothers Brandon, Old Tom Boozey, as we shall call him to the end, and Eliza. Old Tom was now most respectably attired, and his daughter was smiling and happy. Indeed, happiness was with all then gathered within that room, although each countenance was a little clouded with anxiety, concerning he who had but lately been conducted amongst them, and of which they were awaiting the result. On the previous evening, directly the train had passed and left them unharmed, Old Tom dragged the still insensible man, whose life he had so wonderfully preserved, beyond all danger of the trains that would travel either way, and sat himself down, with Richard's head resting on his knee, to wait for the chance of seeing some one to whom he might appeal for assistance. Thus did Tom remain for fully half an hour, during which time several trains went roaring past him, but seeing no one whom he might ask for that help which he so greatly needed. But at the end of the time mentioned, the power of the drug that had been given to Richard was exhausted, and he gradually revived to consciousness. When Richard had sufficiently recovered to understand where he was, profound was his astonishment; yet far less deep than was his gratitude, when Old Tom told him of the death that had been intended him, and of his almost miraculous preservation. Recovering sufficient strength to walk, with the support of Boozey's arm, those two men gained the nearest railway station unnoticed, and entered a cab. Richard Brandon, still feeling faint and sick, entrusted that Boozey would accompany him to his hotel. Tom expressed his great willingness to do so, if, as they proceeded, he were allowed to call and say a word to his daughter, who would be already surprised at his long absence from her. When Eliza's lodging was reached, Richard was very glad to alight, believing that a little brandy would just then be of great service to him.

His amazement, when he beheld Eliza, living, and that voice which he had believed hushed forever, again vibrated to his heart, will be very readily comprehended. Explanations ensued and plans of action were devised. In the morning those three proceeded to The Laurels, in order that Richard might make himself known to Mr. Summerford and his daughter and fully explain the deception that had been practiced on them. To their intense surprise, almost the first person they saw when they had entered the merchant's house was Walter Brandon. The night that had passed after his encounter with Eliza at the merchant's villa, and his flight therefrom, had given strength and courage to Walter. It had been by a most wonderful chance that he had not already confessed to Louisa Summerford, and now that, as he had no doubt that young lady and her father had heard Eliza's sad history from her own lips, and that it had of course become known to them it was Walter, and not Richard Brandon, whom they had seen, how cowardly would he be should he hesitate to implore pardon of those whom he had so deeply wronged. And he would make Eliza his wife, and would baffle the wretches who had sworn to crush him, by flying with her to a new land where, beginning life anew, he might avoid all crooked ways, and by the broad, common road of honest industry, endeavor to arrive at fortune. Having reached The Laurels, Walter, without a moment's delay, commenced his confession and related the whole truth to Summerford and his daughter, and with what amazement they listened may easily be divined. Freely and readily pardoned was he by them both, while the merchant vowed to be without mercy for the chief culprit.

"And to think that I should have allowed myself to be hamboozled by the villain!" cried Summerford. "I declare I couldn't have believed it possible; never was so deceived in a man in all my life before!"

"You are more indebted to your good luck for that, father, than to your judgment," maliciously taunted Louisa.

His confession made, Walter asked to see Eliza, and was greatly confounded when told that she had fled from the house, almost as soon as he himself had left it, on the previous evening. Declaring his intention to proceed immediately in search of her, and deaf to the merchant's entreaties that he would remain where then he was, Walter had reached the hall on his way from the house, when the outer door was thrown open, and he saw Eliza, and in one of the two men by whom she was accompanied, immediately recognized his brother.

"Richard!" he exclaimed, happy and yet ashamed to behold his brother whose name he had been made to usurp. While Richard bounded towards him, threw his arms around, and warmly embraced his younger and erring brother. Summerford's delight on discovering that he had at last the true Richard Brandon before him was out of all bounds, and he rolled about in a most extraordinary manner, Louisa stole several looks at the man really intended for her husband, and her father, watching her, gleefully rubbed his hands, as he read on her countenance that the result of her scrutiny had proved not unsatisfactory to her.

"My dear Richard," said Summerford, "don't say a word to your poor brother; it hasn't been his fault—at least, not much—and as he has confessed everything to us——"

"Well done, Walter, well done," said Richard, grasping and shaking his brother's hand.

When Richard had, amongst other things connected with the history of that attempted marriage, told of the fate that had been prepared for him, and how and by whom he had been rescued, great was the horror of those who listened, and earnestly did they bless old Tom Boozey. After all that, Summerford sent off a messenger to a superintendent of police, a gentlemen with whom he had been long acquainted, and renowned for his skill and daring in the detection and capture of the ruffians who prey upon society. Sharkey Morris, the superintendent said, would be very easy caught at any time; but to arrest Millington if once he had an idea that he was "wanted," would be a long and difficult, and perhaps altogether impossible undertaking. Millington was but one of the many assumed names by which he had been known, and the dress he then wore but one of his many disguises, and he had hordes so many hiding places which the police had never been able to discover, and not one of the very many ruffians of whom he was the leader would, even if they possessed the inclination, dare to betray him. But at length a very promising plan for his capture was proposed and accepted.

That Millington would for a long time return to the Nonpareil Music Hall was most unlikely, and if he did, hopeless would be the attempt to arrest him there. But he rented a handsome suite of apartments in a fashionable quarter of the town, and to that place had Walter been directed to address a letter, if at any time the young man should have anything special to say to him. Millington might not be there, but that one of his band, doing duty as his servant at his fashionable lodgings, would know how to convey the letter to him. And so Walter wrote to that place, saying that he had returned to The Laurels, and was ready to proceed with the marriage. That even his love for Eliza and his desire to do her justice were powerless to reconcile him to a return to that poverty he had left behind him, and because his own ruin was engineered, he recently known an inventor of the Mont Storms breach-loading rifle, had visited Mexico and the West Indies, and by her contributions to the Atlantic periodicals, particularly in the *Sun*, had prepared the public mind for the numerous projects, from time to time advanced for the emancipation or pacification of the Antilles. To the pen of this lady we are indebted for whatever excitement may have innoculated the semi-visionary dreamers, who believe in and are willing to battle for the theory of manifest destiny. She was the literary head of Lopez's cabinet, and, in consequence of the failure of Cuban schemes, as the wife of General Carneau, has done much to secure our possession of Samana in the Dominican republic.

Filibusterism was no novelty in our history, the projected expedition of Aaron Burr and the actual one of General Miranda, which repeated itself in the Texas revolution, proving that at a very early period in our national existence men were ready to jeopardize life and money for extension of the area of freedom, in whatever direction our fancy may dictate it.

One of the earliest filibuster exhibitions of which I have a personal recollection was one projected about twenty years ago, immediately upon the cessation of the war with Mexico, by a gentleman named Webber, the author of a popular story, "Old Hicks the Guide." It was designed for the occupation of the Mesilla Valley, since purchased by our government, and now known as the territory of Arizona, and as Webber had published a work upon the gold mines of the River Gila, he naturally concluded that the avarice of our countrymen would induce them to enlist beneath his banner To carry out his gold yielding fruition he attempted to organize a battalion of Centralia Rangers, arraying himself and one or two other specimen bricks in a uniform of red and gray, when the discovery of the gold fields of California diverted emigration into a much safer and more reliable quarter. Consequently the Centralia Rangers were disbanded amid the general stampede for El Dorado, and Webber died without reaping the laurels he so ardently coveted, or harvesting the gold he undoubtedly longed after.

The leading officers under the Lopez expedition were Colonels Bob Wheat, Pickett and Bill Bell. Wheat was identified with filibusterism from its rebirth to its extinction, serving with Lopez, Caravajal, Walker and everybody contemplating a free fight, for Bob, when no opportunity offered on this continent, went to Europe to seek a command under Garibaldi. Colonel Wheat came first prominently before the public as the commander of the Round Island expedition, in the neighborhood of New Orleans, a sort of prelude to the Cuban movement, and after that event was one of the participants in the Cardenas raid. A professional soldier, Bob was ready to serve any cause, provided it was connected with the sacred name of liberty; hence, after being one of the band of Americans who expelled Santa Anna from Mexico, he turned up a brigadier general in the army of that republic, where he doubtlessly would have achieved an enduring reputation under Alvarez, had it not been that his entire brigade deserted to the enemy on the eve of a contemplated victory. So General Wheat exchanged the military for the civil service of the Mexicans, loitering around our metropolis, in various phases of financial expedients, as a sort of special diplomat, until, at the outbreak of the late rebellion, he returned to New Orleans and made his appearance in the war as the colonel of an independent battalion. His career as a Confederate chief was brief, as he died in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Bull Run. As a singular instance of the unnatural character of a fratricidal conflict, this regiment, from whose ranks Wheat received his death wound, was commanded by Col. Hobart Ward, at whose house the deceased filibuster had spent the final night by him passed in this city.

Col. Pickett, another of Lopez' commanders, had been a graduate of West Point, and previous to and after his connection with filibusterism, was the editor of a St. Louis daily. Col. Bell was well known around the Metropolitan, and other of our city hotels, as the one-armed filibuster, through having been deprived of one of his limbs at the battle of Sierra Gordo. All these gentlemen were of a remarkable personal structure, over six feet in height, and of decided intelligence, both as politicians and soldiers.

The second Lopez expedition, which terminated fatally to the insurgent chieftain, failed of success mainly on account of the impediments interposed by the general government in the way of that section of the enterprise which was to have left this city, a portion of the general design which composed the main reliance of the liberators in the way of transportation and munitions of war. Never was a military scheme more unhappily planned and more recklessly carried out than was this fatal demonstration. Beyond the furnishing of money, which was squandered thoughtlessly and as prodigally supplied—the women of the island sacrificing their jewelry without stint—the Cuban Junta hereabout exhibited neither judgment or capacity. They trusted every adventurer presenting himself, and, believing in the ultimate success of their undertaking, they used no precautionary safeguard against seizure of arms, vessels or confiscation of their material. Surrounded by Spanish agents and betrayed by those in their confidence, it was a matter of no wonderment that the secret proceedings of the revolutionists became as well known to the enemy as to the leaders themselves.

While the main body of Lopez' followers, landing in Cuba, were Americans, ignorant of a dozen words of Castilian, he himself was deficient in acquisition of the English tongue, while, to make the affair even more complicated, his second in command, the responsible chief of staff, a Hungarian exile named Pragay, comprehended neither our language nor that of the country he intended to liberate. Impetuous, credulous and over confident, Lopez, on the Pampero, drifted, as it were, into the very jaws of death, laboring under the delusion that other bodies of men would speedily follow him, ample preparations for reinforcements having been arranged and agreed upon by the Cuban manipulators in the States; but all of their determinations proved abortive through intervention of our own government, compelled to sustain the dignity of the neutrality laws.

After leaving Col. Crittenden with a skeleton regiment on the sea coast, the Pampero crossed to Jacksonville, Fla., to transport a body of men there *rendezvoused* under Col. Titus, who flourished subsequently under Walker and in the Kansas troubles. Entering the waters of a creek, the Pampero, out of coal and burning wood, was securely blockaded by a revenue cutter, while all the vessels and men bound from this port were attached, upon application of the Spanish Consul, by the United States Marshal. The defection of Crittenden and the attempted escape of his command in small boats, after destroying their arms, completed the catalogue of errors in an injudicious advance, by resulting in the dispersion of the main force and the final capture of its leader. A sharp contest upon the estate of the insurgent chief, at the termination of which Pragay committed suicide, rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, convinced all of the hopelessness of a further resistance, especially as Crittenden and fifty odd of his companions had been subjected to the death penalty by a fusillade. As a last resource the filibusters took to the mountains, where they wandered for days without food and shelter during a series of tremendous storms, until driven by famine and despair to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Spanish authorities, who only demanded the additional execution of Lopez, as expiation of his offence of high treason against a queen whom he had once served with his sword.

Reluctant as the authorities might personally feel, in this instance, to prosecute a breech of the neutrality laws, no other course was left to them officially, consequently Mr. O'Sullivan and one or two conditors were arrested, indicted and placed upon trial, a proceeding which resulted in their acquittal, the testimony of Burtnette going for nought when cross examined before an observant jury. Nevertheless, through the vexations and delays of the law, the cardinal object of the Spanish representative was attained, inasmuch as the suspected vessels, with their formidable cargoes, floated idly upon the waters of our harbor, while the expectant bands of volunteers, wearied at oft protracted delays, melted away in sincerity of disgust.

It was popularly believed that the entire idea of a Cuban Liberation had received its death blow through experience of two failures, the final one as disastrous to filibusterism through knowledge of Creole apathy as through the politic clemency of the Spanish rulers. However, it appeared that at New Orleans, which had heretofore been the real base of the movement, a strong feeling to attain that aim had been kept alive and sustained by the inauguration of a secret society, reputation of which speedily extended to the north, under designation of the Order of the Lone Star, which had commenced operations in the suburbs of Algiers. The order, whose objects, as narrated to the public at large, were limited to "keeping alive the flames on the altar of liberty" and of "extending the area of freedom," shortly found its way to this metropolis, under the auspices of its accredited founder, Dr. John V. Wren, who disclosed the secret of the organization to be the revival of filibusterism—an assertion readily corroborated by its transient hereabout being followed by the apparition of the tried and shining lights of former endeavors in the defunct work of Cuban liberation.

Whether the composition of the Lone Star was or was not the work of Dr. Wren, who appeared to the good folks of this town as neither a brilliant nor energetic personage, the plan of its operation was both ingenious and comprehensive, well calculated to succeed from the attractions held forth to different classes of sympathizers shrewdly invited to co-operate in the projected work. The members, or patriots as they were designated, were divided into three series, pledged respectively to contribute political, physical and financial aid toward the consummation of the enterprise. Hence, to advance the independence of Cuba, the Lone Star promised official exaltation in America, military rank in the liberated island, and a heavy return for moneys invested to aid in the emancipation of the Creole population, to be derived through the confiscation of royalist estates. But alas! all these projected rewards were prospective to a remote degree.

The good fortune of the migratory apostle of filibusterism, according to the rite of the Lone Star, threw him by accident, almost upon his arrival here, into the arms of a well known local politician, one comprehending all the ropes and wires of the political portion of the Doctor's machinery and perfectly able to use them. To Captain Rynders, whose voice was ever for the extension of the area of freedom, even until it could be made to embrace the mysterious regions of Tammany Hall, was entrusted the task of organizing the initial corps of patriots in our midst. And right worthily did the veteran politician succeed in his work, for twelve days were not allowed to pass over our heads before Empire Division No. 1 sprung, Minerva like, fully armed, from the head of the industrious organizer True, it embraced among its numerous members few of the physical aiding series and still less of the financial stripe, yet there was an array of political sympathy adequate for the necessities of a dozen unfledged republics, and practical politicians sufficient to govern the liberated country for a generation at least.

The other divisions—and the indefatigable Doctor succeeded in creating some eight—named generally after the most historical of filibusters, such as La'avette, Pulaski, Steuben and the like, furnished, some any amount of physical aid, while others contributed a class of political sympathizers, the most desirable in the market, headed by Dan Sickles, followed by George Law, and the rear brought up by George N. Saunders, men equally desirous of serving their own country and the cause of Cuba at one and the same time. There was but one class of candidates found lacking in all the divisions, and that was the series financial, of noble, generous and disinterested liberty lovers, who were willing to fill up the poverty stricken treasury of the patriotic order. Vainly were the Betaucourts, the Venagas, the Gentiorias, and a host of other sincere Cubans appealed to to fill up the palpable vacuum, but they had bled for "beloved Cuba" in the pocket heretofore and too dearly to appreciate advance payment for a work, concerning the performance of which they had serious and rational doubts.

The Lone Star, in the impressive person of John V. Wren, hovered among us for some six months or so, while his attendant train of filibuster chiefs grew daily smaller and smaller as hotel proprietors refused to trust and boarding-house keepers grew clamorous over unpaid bills. Finally the great luminary, around whom the lesser lights of the area of freedom rotated, took unto himself a wife—by clandestine marriage of a presumptive heiress—and departed to parts unknown, to re-appear momentarily in the glory of a public nuptial, in the midst of which the lights of the Lone Star went out, eclipsed by that from the torch of Hymen. After this untoward event the hopes of Cuba faltered, and it was sagaciously surmised that the greater part of the funds of the order, if any they had, went to feather the nest of anticipated Wrens, instead of furnishing a Cuban eyrie for the American eagle. At all events that was the last heard of both the leader of the movement and of its stability in this metropolis, although through its boasted influence many politicians obtained high appointments, much to the amazement of their compeers not in the secret.

The right hand man of Wren, one whose task seemed to be gathering up the fragments of the exploded asteroid, reappeared among us in connection with the Kinney expedition, which proved a laughable farce on account of the immensity of the Texan colonel's pretensions and the smallness of the means at his disposal. Major I. Smith McMichen had been a Pennsylvania lawyer, but, enticed to the Texan border to better his circumstances, he served as Adjutant General in the Mexican Army of Liberation, and subsequently became identified with the Lone Star. Failing in securing an adequate support for Kinney, the Major turned his attention to politics, and, being a man of more than ordinary ability, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of United States Consul at Acapulco, but died while on his way to his post, or shortly after his arrival there, no doubt to the great distress of the filibusters on the Pacific coast, as they were then planning the capture of Lower California.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 39.—The Filibusters.

I remember the excitement created in our good town, when early one morning, the sight of those passing along Nassau and Fulton streets was regaled with the apparition of a singular banner suspended from the roof of the old *Sun* building. The same day upon which the flag of Free Cuba was thrown to the wind, the journal, from whose office it floated defiantly, announced to the world the departure of the army of the liberation under the Spanish General Lopez from some southern point, subsequently ascertained to be from the city of New Orleans. It was during the excitement that the word filibuster, derived from the obsolete Spanish pursae *fribustero* became to be familiar with our people, while in consequence of the popularity of the scheme, the trade of following on the footsteps of manifest destiny began to be regarded as a romantic occupation, extra hazardous, and by no means lucrative. In fact, for the moment, filibusterism became almost epidemical, furnishing an agreeable relaxation for heroes, who, upon termination of the Mexican war, found themselves out of employment, and as yet untired of war's alarms.

The first Lopez campaign was a remarkable flash in the pan, while the experience of a twenty-four hours term of service upon a soil dedicated to freedom, conclusively demonstrated either that Cuba was in no proper humor to accept the gift of liberation, or that the Creoles of the ever faithful isle possessed no desire to array themselves in arms under American born commanders. Upon leaving New Orleans the handful of liberators on board of a solitary river steamer, the Creole, an inappropriate vessel commanded by Captain Lewis, a man of diminutive proportions, but of prodigious energy and courage, landed at Cardenas, attacked the jail, stormed it and emptied it of its animated contents, who, with commendable perversity, fought against their unexpected emancipators. This specimen of Cuban gratitude, accepted as an index of popular opinion, sufficiently disgusted the American element of the expedition, so, after throwing overboard ammunition enough to blow the entire island into another sphere, the Creole, after the manner of the revolutionary Miss Moncreiffe, turned her back upon freedom, and reached the hospitable shelter of Key West, just in time to avoid annihilation from the guns of the Pizarro, a Spanish steam frigate of a heavy calibre. So rapid was the disembarkation of the patriots upon American soil that many of them flung away knapsacks and equipments not to be impeded in getting ashore.

Although New Orleans was avowedly the basis for filibuster operations, our own city was undoubtedly the centre of the Cuban conspiration, as it was here that Lopez mainly resided before venturing upon his scheme, while large sums of money were ineffectually lavished for vessels, munitions of war and the enrolment of soldiers, who never quitted our port. And singular to remark, the leading spirit of the filibuster movement was one of the fairer sex, a lady well known in the literary world under the name of Cora Montgomery, whose writings produced a decided effect in stimulating a passion for enterprise in the anglo saxon absorption of the American Continent. Mrs. Storms, whose son was an eminent engineer, the recently known as inventor of the Mont Storms breach-loading rifle, had visited Mexico and the West Indies, and by her contributions to the Atlantic periodicals, particularly in the *Sun*, had prepared the public mind for the numerous projects, from time to time advanced for the emancipation or pacification of the Antilles. To the pen of this lady we are indebted for whatever excitement may have innoculated the semi-visionary dreamers, who believe in and are willing to battle for the theory of manifest destiny. She was the literary head of Lopez's cabinet, and, in consequence of the failure of Cuban schemes, as the wife of General Carneau, has done much to secure our possession of Samana in the Dominican republic.

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CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 15.—The Miscellaneous Press.

It would be impossible for any person, writing as we do for the illumination of the general public, to chronicle the peculiarities of the various newspaper enterprises started into existence during the last quarter of a century, inasmuch as many were ephemeral vehicles of personal opinion and others devoted to topics entirely beyond our province. In this last category we place the religious press, possibly the best known of which is the *Independent*, rendered popular throughout the Northern States through being regarded as the especial organ of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the present literary representative of the Beecher family, who has flourished extensively in the world of letters, not alone as the author of "Star Papers," which bestowed upon the *Independent* an impetus among non-clerical readers only equalled by its trade reports. This paper might have remained in comparative obscurity to the present day, had not its proprietors, with an enterprise fairly rivaling that of the most sensational journalist, availed themselves of the occurrence of a financial crisis to devote a portion of the sheet to the purposes of worldly traffic. Not content with giving the most reliable condition of the stock market and a price current of those commodities most demanded for country consumption, the *Independent* published a weekly gazette of bankruptcy, thus throwing before the community information which could only be attained through an expensive annual subscription to a "mercantile agency." This dexterous movement was followed us by participating in the Kansas excitement, which culminated in the expedition of Old John Brown. It will be seen, then, that although nominally a theological organ, the success of the *Independent* was assured by a resort to temporal agitation.

In somewhat of a like manner the *American Baptist*, with a view of augmenting its circulation, was momentarily converted into an anti-masonic crusader; while other religious journals, imitating this sensational business, have involved themselves in internal discussions or in indecorous attacks upon personal proclivities of the outside community.

The *National Era*, of Washington, owed its entire popularity to the fact of the publication in its columns of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and notwithstanding its admitted ability when confined to topics for whose advocacy it had been created, it wilted away upon cessation of that exciting romance. The practical value of romances applied to journalism has been fully appreciated by other religious publications when edited by persons who, anterior to their assumption of the ministry, have labored with the pen. The late Rev. Dr. Ingraham, for many years a contributor to our metropolitan press and the author of a variety of yellow covered books, was so impressed with the idea of popularising romances of a religious character that he composed the "The Prince of the House of David," with a view of offering it to the publishers of some of the more prominent theological papers. To his astonishment those he visited discouraged the idea of allowing themselves to become the medium of familiarizing the church members with anything like a novel. Subsequently the work was issued in a book form, and although published under disadvantages it attained a circulation of a hundred thousand copies, netting the author fully ten fold the sum of money which he had demanded of the over conscientious journalists. No better illustration can be cited as to the general feeling of the conductors of the religious press, who, confining themselves to a narrow circle, infuse a moodiness into literature barely recompensed by the wretched novelettes issued for the perusal of the masses under the specious titles of tracts, which, although endorsed by ecclesiastical sanction, are the most contemptible of fictions, no more comparable to "Pilgrim's Progress" than we are to Hercules, and far less instructive than Robinson Crusoe.

In the matter of medical publications, we have in a great measure depended upon republications from the English press, or upon those emanating from neighboring cities. At one time there issued from the *Herald* establishment a monthly entitled the *Lancet*, but as there was instituted in the basement of the same building a patent medicine depot, honored by a sonorous designation, the community at large very naturally declined to fund the two enterprises, while the medical profession bestowed upon the *Lancet* a most limited support, preferring the higher priced publications of European origin.

The *Scalpel* was subsequently established by Dr. Dixon, a man of energy, who attempted to divest the science of medicine from repulsive technicalities, unintelligible to the non-professional reader. The Doctor was aware that in hygienic matters there are others besides surgeons and physicians tempted to inquiries, as much as in other scientific branches, and hence, to accommodate persons of that description, he wro'e in a familiar, agreeable style, while the subject matter of his treatises was of a most popular character. In consequence of this editorial determination, the Doctor rendered the *Scalpel* a favorite with the general public, who looked into its pages to glean an inkling of information as to the nature of epidemical diseases, as they occurred, and of the numerous ills humanity is heir to, expressed in language to them intelligible.

Hall's *Journal of Health* was another of those popular medical monthlies, imitating very closely the sound policy of the *Scalpel*, and without adhering to which it would have been vain to anticipate a general circulation for a publication devoted to a special profession, however learned may be its members. And it has been from these sources that a majority of journalists have drawn their ideas when treating upon points affecting the hygienic welfare of the people.

The rapid growth of phrenological science, introduced among us by Combe, of Edinburgh, one of the oldest and most esteemed writers and authors upon that subject, gave an opportunity to Messrs. Fowler & Wells to establish themselves as early and prominent disciples of the great teacher. The *Phrenological Journal*, a large, well illustrated and interesting publication, has been the result of the persistent labor of these gentlemen, who at one time published a more comprehensive sheet, *Life Illustrated*, taking cognizance of the many movements for social reformation projected during the last quarter century. But as it unfortunately happens that reformers of this class seize indiscriminately upon all sorts of irrational fantasies, irrespective of their moral tendency, and without pausing to examine into their application to existing society, the unpopularity of similar publications possibly suggested to men of the Fowlers' business tact, to confine themselves to a speciality, which, if not based upon moral certainty, cannot be charged with immoral tendencies.

Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, when an advocate of free love'sm, and of all the new fangled notions of impractical philosophy, commenced the publication of a monthly paper which he styled *The Dime*, at which price he supplied the sheet, although of large dimensions, to subscribers for a twelvemonth. But in this case Nichols over did himself, for although subscribers poured in upon him from all quarters, the amount received failed to pay more than the cost of white paper, and as advert sers, upon whom he relied for support repudiated the tendencies of his doctrines, *The Dime* very shortly gave up the ghost.

The mystery of the Rochester knockings, following close upon the presumptively inspired revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis, and culminating in an immense army of clairvoyants, of mediums, of seers, instigated the publication of one or two journals, wherein the newly founded sect of Spiritualists could intercommunicate. The ablest, best executed of these was entitled the *Reformer*, published by some enthusiastic converts to the new faith, which, however, proved an experiment in advance of its time, as up to that period few persons had been induced to embrace the cause, and the entire paraphernalia, now rendering celestial communication a matter of ease, remained undiscovered.

The *Reformer* was eclipsed by the *Banner of Light*, published simultaneously in Boston and New York, the editor in which city being Warren Chase, an effulgent light amid the semi-celestial firmament, beneath whose fostering care the *Banner* has grown into an excellent circulation hereabout, although it is well known that the great mass of its patrons are drawn from the New England States. As the recognized organ of the Spiritualists, as a matter of course the most important feature in the *Banner* consists in communications from the other world, given presumptively in the language employed habitually by their authors while upon this sphere, and without the faintest idea for publication. Another feature of the paper is the education of the rising generation according to the maxims of Andrew Jackson Davis, as developed in the progressive Lyceum, which, while it assuredly contributes to the entertainment of children of a larger growth, is in no wise calculated to implant those cardinal instructions we have ever been taught to regard as essential to secure a basis for subsequent and durable intelligence.

The invention of Daguerre, once transmitted to this country, was almost instantly put to a practical use by its employment for the purpose of taking instantaneous likenesses, and this simple operation, entirely overlooked in Europe, where the daguerreotype was confined to the reproduction of inanimate articles, at once called into employment a large body of men, operatives in a new but lucrative art. For their instruction, as we discovered that copyrighted romances, which are not to be found upon book stalls. In this simple calculation, demonstrated by the favor bestowed upon the *Ledger*, can be found the secret of the revival of story papers, which for years have remained semi-extinct.

The *New York Weekly* was originally an appendage to the *Sunday Dispatch*, in fact it was the country edition of that metropolitan newspaper, designed to circulate among rural districts, in which anything conveying the idea of Sabbath labor was held in holy horror. Passing into the hands of Messrs. Street and Smith, both previously attached to the *Dispatch*, the *Weekly* assumed a distinctive character, and through the energy of these practical men has crept into popularity.

Mr. Francis S. Smith, a practical printer, was originally known as a humorous writer of considerable merit; but, stimulated by the success of a romance of his composition, he subsequently devoted himself to novels of a local character, wherein metropolitan impossibilities are made the burden of the narrative. He and his partner likewise publish the *Phunny Phellow*, which was originally intended as an advertising medium for the *Dispatch* and *Weekly*, but through one of those eccentricities marking the fortunes of journalism, it became a permanent comic periodical. They moreover issue the *Liberty Album*, a species of rival to the *Chimney Corner*, one of those profusely illustrated repositories of literature, current and defunct, which are held in high favor at the kresides of continental Europe.

More recently the *Fireside Companion*, issued by George Munro, the well known publisher of dime novels, has entered the lists against the formidable array of story papers, bringing to his assistance the pens of a whole bevy of manufacturers of dime novels, the better to contest the field. Mr. Munro being a man of energy and business tact, he may succeed in an enterprise of a purely literary character.

The only objection to story papers consists in the low grade of talent usually employed by their proprietors in the composition of the romances generally published, for at the rates paid for original compositions very few men of respectable attainments can be induced to venture upon the work of novel writing. True, in some instances, writers have been overpaid, and that most enormously; but, then, their names have been purchased and not the manuscript. What person in sane mind, acting as a critic and a publisher, would venture to give, for an unseen romance of Henry Ward Beecher's, twice the sum paid Sir Walter Scott at the very height of his popularity? Yet, as a business transaction *for* newspaper purposes, such an experiment might prove highly remunerative. Nevertheless, such overpaid contributors are exceptions to a rule which weighs heavily upon professional writers, dependent wholly upon their individual ability, and it is an injustice upon the habitual story reader to inflict upon him whole pages of irrational plagiarisms when he has paid for a given amount of tolerably decent literature.

A TRIP TO THE BARBARY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There is among the more obscure purlieus of the city a certain locality which has obtained with casual frequenters, principally mariners, the significant name of the Barbary Coast. The entire district, with its appertainings and surroundings, is so fearfully suggestive of piracy and crimes of a deeper hue, that it is a wonder it has not been publicly so designated by the city's topographers, and a greater wonder still that a few quiet policemen, armed only with small *batons*, can keep such a turbulent neighborhood under control. To the human *olla podrida* which congregates here, all the nations of the earth appear to have contributed, and here it is that the truth of the adage, "poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," is best exemplified, for race and religion are equally ignored by the indwellers, and persons of all colors, even to the meek and unobtrusive Mongolian, are to be found commingled in curious juxtposition. The people here are not necessarily all dishonest or bad, for a great many avocations flourish which are not the less deserving of being called trades because they are of an inferior grade. On a pleasant morning a host of linen and cotton garments appear to be going through the evolutions of *ballet* upon clothes lines suspended over the roofs of houses, a due admixture of red and blue flannel imparting quite a conglomerate air to the whole. A predominance of frilled *robes de soir* and long stockings is particularly noticeable.

Space, as an article of definite value, is rigidly economized, and each of the several fat Germans who gloam away most of their time in the outlying beer cellars, are regarded with positive aversion, as occupying an unfair degree of room. Beyond these few strangers, superabundance of adipose tissue is not by any means common, the "lathy" style of build being altogether most popular. Yet such is not the case with the journeyman harness maker who lives with his wife in the cellar over feminst the red oyster transparency, and who actually seems to gain health and strength from poverty. As the last stroke of twelve re-verberates from the nearest church tower, which sound is that which causes the sayfarer to hold his breath and listen? It is not a serenade—that vicinity is not remarkable for such frivolities; nor is it anything on the Calathumpian order, although the boys and youth of these parts are sufficiently full of frolic for anything. Nor is it, either, a newly wedded couple, engaged in celebrating their honeymoon. The sounds proceed from the rear basement in question, the performers in this drama of real life being the happy couple in question. Not to shame their descent, which you might infer from a flavor of whisky brook in their breath, they are engaged in a rough and tumble fight, the character of which may be judged from the sounds that accompany it. The field of action varies from front to rear of the little place they occupy, and occasionally oaths and yells are mingled with cries of murder and appeals to the Virgin and the police, according to the degree of faith which inspires the combatants. You might hear the interchange of blows and even the gushy breathing of the gladiators, when, for the moment, they have grown tired of shouting. The voices of frightened children fill up the chorus. Hark! there is a crash—a smoothing iron, or a bottle hurtles across the room. Another and another crash—it must be the table they have upset, for now the scuffle is general. Windows are thrown open and heads peer out, and a crowd is gathering, to which every court and blind alley contributes. An irruption of policemen subdues the disturbance, which all arose from a little treat to which Mickey Free had invited two or three of his acquaintance. This morning all bonds have ceased, the principal promoter being nowhere visible; perhaps he is indisposed. But Sheelah is up on the shed, hanging out her usual assortment of clothing, and singing in a humming tone to herself, as if nothing had happened, the words of an Irish lilting song—just as likely as not it may prove to be Bralligan's Ball.

There is another sound hard by. It occurs at the moment when Mickey is trying the experiment upon the heads of his friends with the implements as aforesaid. If we enter the partitioned apartment, in the rear of the red oyster shade, we shall find ranged about a table a convivial party, of which the bell hanger round the corner officiates as chairman *pro tem.* An oily looking young man, with a sealskin cap and a jaunty necktie, rises to his feet to sing a comic song, of the street ballad sor'. You will not fail to recognize in that voice, of which the chief merit is its startling distinctness, the accents of Porgy Joe, who daily holds forth on the contents of his well laden fish cart in the mornings, and recreates himself occasionally in the manner described. This is likewise a talented young chap that plays a banjo, and who is understood to be practacing for the minstrels; considering he has never had the least education, he plays the instrument well.

Perhaps you think this is his only audience. Come and be enlightened. There is a long basement, near by which was a bowling alley, before an untoward event had cleared it of its occupants. At the farther end a number of youthful Thespians have fitted up a stage, for which one of them, who is employed by a sign painter, has contrived to paint some *ad fraca* scenery, and a young gentleman in the window shade line has contributed a composite curtain, representing, say, a baronial castle, approached by two cavaliers, whose heads reach to the turrets, while their feet are apparently lost in a puddle of dirty water. The seats are rough boards, that smell of a previous conflagration; the footlights are of Etrusean device—candles stuck in pickle bottles. The orchestra enters, to which great applause, performers being two in number, a fiddle and a banjo. "Hi! Nickies!" (from a proclivity for that article on the part of the banjo, who is generally favored with a shower); and "Give it 'em lively, Jacobs," are among the salutations, while an ironical youth chirps out, "How are you, Maxy?"—in allusion to his illustrious prototype of the Opera. After music, which is listened to without disrespectful demonstrations by an audience among whom we may recognize several of our young "shine 'em up" acquaintance, who in this respect, however, can hardly be called "shining examples" for their juniors to follow, the curtain goes up by the run, and the company enter upon the performance of one of the heartiest of Shakespeare's harvest tragedies with a confidence worthy a more inspiring scene of action. Except that every one thinks it the especial charm of acting to howl and rant, and the principals are disposed to make too much of the "tinkering" exercise, with two flat pieces of iron called broadswords, these efforts are perhaps somewhat tame, but then these gentle youth are only in their novitiate, and it would surprise the critical public to learn how many of the earlier steps of those who are now their leading favorites were taken in just such places and under just such circumstances.

Not far away from here once lived a poor widow, who, being old and ailing, had much ado to keep soul and body together by the sale of apples and candies, and knitting at odd hours a stocking or two. She had a wild, harem-scarem chip of a son, who was the bother of her heart entirely, and gave her no peace day or night for consortin' wid these player chaps. But the boy had a purpose, and an ambition as well, and as he grew to years, he grew to be useful too. And a time came round when the poor dame could no longer work nor confront the cold and rain, and it was then that she first saw for what the lad had been toiling. Time passed, and the "throw-away" boy grew in years, and in good graces, and a better lodging place was found for the dame, and plenty graced the board which for so long had rejoiced in nothing better than a loaf of bread and a plate of smoked herrings. And the youth increased in fame and prosperity, and took to himself a wife that was as smart as he, and built a fine mansion away up among the nabobs, and now is known as one of the cleverest and wealthiest living actors in his line. If this teaches anything, it teaches us not to look with contempt upon small beginnings, and that for a soul undaunted by difficulties, there is nothing in reason to which it may not aspire.

There is a domicile in this neighborhood which is known as the House of Mystery. Its front shutters are always closed, and the bricks have a stained and dingy look, as well as the rounded windows, which are of a pattern somewhat antique. The only occupants known are a woman of weird aspect, who reads the stars, and gains a proportionate degree of knowledge thereby, which she disposes of to the world—being the daughter of one who was the seventh son of a seventh son. She has plenty of visitors, indicating the inquisitive turn of the human mind; but it must not be supposed that all who come to this house are intent upon seeing her, for in some part of the dingy tenement there dwells a Lombard, of visage saturnine and bilious aspect, who has mysterious conferences in a darkened room with females closely veiled and men of somewhat imposing look but troubled air, and sometimes the rustle of notes may be detected (at the keyhole), or the flash of costly jewels be faintly distinguished.

There is a great deal of jollity kept up on our Barbary Coast, and within a stone's throw is a spacious mansion where now and then, during the long winter nights, brisk music is constantly going and figures are seen to dance and flit across the window curtains. So much luxury and enjoyment in the close vicinity of so much poverty and want is a seeming enigma, which even the city missionaries can't (or won't) explain, and of which fastidious people are fortunately ignorant. But, if that threshold could speak, what secrets it would tell—what revelations give vent to! And, as if to show that all enjoyment below was intended for those of superior fortune, hard by is a dancing hall where a ball is progressing, and beyond yonder turning and up a court a swarm of rough customers are having a time, which if they call a rag ball by distinction. They are the lowest class of ill-paid laborers, yet have their fun all the same. It is the day of social organizations.

Hither do sometimes repair young men on a lark, and here, by that same token, they encounter adventures which exercise marked effect on their after lives. At one of these wild affairs (it is not long since, either), a brainless young fellow, to whom each pretty face was a guiding star, fell in with a maiden beautiful and fair, and, to his own astonishment, fell desperately in love. The parent was a coarse, brutal fellow, whom money alone would soften; he jumped at the prospect in store, for he had recognized his visitor, who was the son of a millionaire. Like many who have frequented that quarter since, he was one who had seen better times, and his child, with her char ns and accomplishments, was his stock in trade. Young Noddy submitted to the wiles of the syren and married her out of hand. Now was the appropriate time for springing the trap. One day a man of strange aspect rang at the door of the "pampered millionaire," and requested a private interview. For half an hour he remained closeted with his visitor, when high words were heard, and the stranger, passing swiftly from the library, took his departure. He was never seen again in that neighborhood, but strange stories began to be circulated, and soon a financial difficulty among the upper circles became the gossip of the fashionable town.

It was more than hinted that a wealthy family had been dishonored by its hopeful son and heir; that the son had made more free with the father's name than even that relationship warranted, in behalf of a wanton, and that a former rival, whom the millionaire's arts had ruined, had planned the whole scheme.

Of course there was a disinheritance, and all that, and, although the senior has had his own escapades, it is said he has steadfastly refrained from going within a mile of the Barbary Coast since the memorable night when in the person of the dealer in a noted temple of fortune he recognized his own son.

BOB O'GOTHAM.

IMPUDENCE.—A citizen of Washington, whom we will call Mr. P., once rang at the door of the British Minister, and telling the servant that he had important business with the Minister, was shown into an ante room, where he was soon joined by that official, when the following dialogue took place:—"May I ask, sir, what business it is you have with me?" "Certainly, I ask, sir, what business it is you have with me?" "Certainly, I ask, sir; it is this:—In passing your house I learned that you have a whist party here to-night, and, as I am remarkably fond of a whist party here to-night, and, as I am remarkably fond of the game, I thought I would just step in and see what are the trumps." The sublime impudence of the thing so amused the Minister that he invited the intruder into the room where the guests were assembled, and introduced him as "the most impudent man in America."

BASE BALL.

OUR REVIEW OF THE AMENDED RULES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

RULE FIFTH.

Rule Fifth has had several changes made in the wording of the several sections, the most important of which is the change of the time of probation from thirty to sixty days. A change was made in the first section, whereby clubs now have the power to draw a game at the close of the ninth innings, provided the score be equal and both parties consent, but not otherwise. For instance, suppose nine A have scored 20 runs at the close of their ninth innings, and nine B the same, and the former desire to consider it a drawn game, but the latter refuse and insist upon playing the game until one or the other party exceed the score; if the A nine refuse so to continue it they forfeit the ball. It requires the consent of both parties to make such a contest a drawn game. Before the rule was amended no drawn game was admissible unless darkness put a stop to further play after the score at the close of the ninth innings.

In reference to the time of probation to be observed by players changing from one club to another, the new rule works as follows: Suppose Hatfield, of the Cincinnati Club, desired to join the Mutual Club; in order to be able to take legal part in a match game as a member of the Mutual nine on the first of June he would have to cease all connection with any other club on the first of April, and not only that, but if he were to play in any other club nine, no matter whether as a member or not, he could not play in the Mutual nine until sixty days after the date of his playing in such another club match. Last season no man could belong to any other club than the one he played with, or rather could not play in a match game as such a member, no matter whether the other club was one in or out of the Association. This year, provided the club he belongs to is not in the Association—such as a junior club for instance—or if in the Association it be a College club, it does not matter. For instance, Mr Bush is catcher of the National club of Albany, but while in College at Harvard he is the catcher of the Harvard nine. Now last year he could not play in the National Club match unless he resigned from the Harvard club; this year he can play in both nines, as College nines are exempted from the prohibition applied to all other Association clubs. Also junior clubs are now out of the list, consequently it is not now necessary that a member of a junior club should have to wait sixty days, or two days even, before he can play in a match as one of the nine of a senior club, provided he does not also belong to some other senior club.

The section of this rule governing games forfeited for a failure to meet engagements has been more clearly worded; and it has been amended so as to require at least two days' notice of postponement in cases where a game is put off from the death of a member of a club. Last season the Mutual club put off a game with the Atlantics on account of the death of the *wife* of one of their members. This of course was no legal excuse, but the Atlantics courteously allowed it. Nothing but the death of a regular member of a club will serve as an excuse for such postponement.

The most important amendment made to the rule was that of striking out the whole of the section prohibiting professional players from taking part in match games, and substituting a rule officially recognizing professionals as a class of players distinct from amateurs. The necessity for some such change as this was apparent to all, and hence the Committee of Rules thought they would, at any rate, try the experiment for one year of recognizing professionals, to see how it would work. Since 1860 the professional system has been practically in vogue, though ostensibly all were amateur players, that is, all were unpaid for their services. But it is well known that nearly all the leading clubs constantly sought the prominent aspirants for the championship—employed professional players and the fact that the rules prohibiting the custom were mere dead letters and that also it was almost impossible to frame a law on the subject that could not be evaded, had much to do in bringing about the change introduced this season. The new rule says: "All players who play base ball for money, or who shall at any time receive compensation for their services as players, shall be considered professional players, and all others shall be regarded as amateurs." It will be seen, therefore, that clubs can now openly advertise for professional players, and the latter as openly solicit employment as such. All clubs who have a majority of their nine composed of professionals are professional clubs. Amateur clubs, however, can employ a professional in their nine to take charge of their grounds or to teach them, but he cannot be played in a match without the consent of the opposing nine unless they, too, have a professional in the nine. As to the experience of this season has shown the working of this new rule no doubt a code of rules will be prepared for the government of the intercourse between the two classes of the fraternity.

RULE SIXTH.

The changes in this rule are very few and entirely unimportant. One or two of its sections have been transferred to other rules, and instead of seven sections as before there are now but four. One of the sections has had a clause added to it defining what shall be considered a missed fly ball or catch, and it is this: "If the ball be dropped from the hands of a player it shall be considered a "muffed" ball. In cases where special rules of a ground are to govern the play, they must be made known to the umpire before the game commences or they are of no effect."

RULE SEVENTH.

This rule refers to the special duties of the umpire, and it has been materially amended in several important particulars.

In the first place the umpire is required to do several things, among the most important of which are to see that the rules are strictly adhered to by both of the contesting nines. Besides this he, himself, must first see that the ball is the right size and weight and properly stamped, and before leaving the ground he must record the name of the winning club over his own signature, in the two score books of the contesting clubs; but clubs are not now responsible for the failure of umpires to attend to their duties as they were last year. It will be remembered that in a match between the Empire and Union clubs of St. Louis last year, a game won by the latter was declared forfeited by the State Judiciary Committee on the grounds that the umpire had failed to record his name in the score books. The rule now states that "no game shall be forfeited from the failure of the umpire to record his decision;" thus relieving clubs from the responsibility of the umpire's failure to do his duty. One of the very few changes made in the playing rules of the game this season is that in which the rule governing games "played in the dark," as it is called, is altered. Last year, when two clubs had a tie score, on an equal innings, and were obliged to cease play before the following innings were completed, the game was decided by the score of the last even innings played, and in the case of a tie score, on the 8th innings for instance, the game would be made a drawn one by being thrown back if anything occurred, such as rain or darkness, to prevent the full nine innings being played. In consequence of this rule, it became a "point" to play by clubs who disregarded fair and honorable play in their games, to throw the game into the dark; that is, to refuse to put out their opponents, so as to prevent the completion of a game in cases where their opponents had the lead in the score in the incompleted innings. This was done in the case of the Keystone and Cincinnati game last season, the Keystones finding their opponents would win if the ninth innings were played to a close, made wild plays, and purposely delayed the game so much that it had to be decided by the score of the even innings played, which, of course, was in their favor. This year, however, no such mean game can be played, for the rule now gives the game to the nine having the most runs scored in the incompleted innings. For instance, suppose the Keystone and Cincinnati Clubs had each scored 20 at the close of their eighth innings, and the Keystone had been put out for a blank score in their ninth innings, and the Cincinnati had scored one run and no hands out in their ninth innings, and that rain or darkness then put a stop to play and obliged the umpire to call the game, according to the new rule the victory would remain with the Cincinnati Club, they having won by a score of 21 to 20, with three hands to lose—equivalent to so many wickets to fall in cricket. By this amendment the motive for unfair play is removed, and a blow given to the tricky conduct of those who try to play games into the dark. This is an excellent change and one much needed.

No man can now act as an umpire or scorer in a match game between two Association clubs who is not a member of some club belonging to the National Association, or a State branch thereof. This should be remembered by clubs when choosing umpire and scorers.

We now come to the last amendment to the rules, and it is one which is probably the most important of the changes introduced. It will be remembered that clubs last season violated the rules of the game while impunity by changing the title of a contest from that of a regular match game to that of a "social game," an "exhibition game," or a "friendly game." Of course, in "regular" matches, in which the strict rules of the game were supposed to be in force, no rule could be violated without incurring the penalty of having the game declared "null and void;" but experience has shown this to be no penalty at all, as far as its effect in restraining such infringements of the rules was concerned, for it could easily be nullified by changing the name, and contests, in which clubs mutually agreed to violate a particular rule of play, being called "social" games, just as if all others were unsocial. This little game has now been put a stop to, and we rather guess that this season clubs will be far more chary of violating rules of play in their contests together than they hitherto have been.

The new rule, which takes the place of the one which simply inflicted the penalty of rendering a game "null and void" in which the rules were violated, now imposes a very serious punishment for such infringement. The rule now states that any club wilfully infringing any rule of the game shall, after trial before the State Judiciary Committee, be liable to the penalty of suspension from membership of the National Association for one year for the first offence, and expulsion from such membership for the second offence. Any Association club, therefore, found wilfully guilty of violating any rule of the game in their match games with each other can be cited before the State Judiciary Committee of the State in which they are located, either on complaint of any member of an Association club or of the Judge Advocate of the State, whose duty it is to make the complaint himself, as prosecuting officer, whenever proof of such violation is presented to him; and the guilty club must be tried before the Judiciary Committee and duly sentenced or acquitted, as the case may be, and if suspended, all other Association clubs are prohibited from playing with them during the period of suspension, under the penalty of immediate expulsion from the National Association. No "social," "friendly" or "exhibition" process can nullify this law, and therefore we fully expect to see the rules strictly enforced this season by all clubs.

We understand that the betting fraternity have come to an understanding to draw all bets made on contests in which any rule of the game is violated this season. Thus it is the only fair way of settling bets on such games.

From a glance at the revised rules which we have given in our two articles, it will be seen that our national game, in its rules and regulations, is each season approaching nearer and nearer the point of excellence, and it will not be long before the annual changes will cease altogether.

ERRATA.—In our first article, in our comments on Rule Second, in the 18th line from the end of the paragraph, for "be counted" read "the committed." In the first line of the second paragraph of Rule Third, for "importunate" read "important;" and in the fifth line of the third paragraph, for "sear" read "then."

In another article we propose giving full instructions on the system of scoring endorsed by the National Association, and which will go into general use this season.

THE GAME IN THE NEW DOMINION.

The American game of base ball has completely outflanked the game of cricket in the western part of the Dominion, says a correspondent. There are now some first class clubs in the Province, and the coming season is sure to witness some really exciting sport in the contests for the championship of Canada, at present held by the "Young Canadians," of Woodstock. The clubs who contested for the coveted honor last season were the Guelph Club, the Victorias, of Ingersoll, the Tecumseh, of London, and the Maple Leaf, of Hamilton. The contest, however, may be said to have lain between the nine of the Guelph Club and the Victorias. The former attempted to wrest the ball from the champions on two occasions, but were each time defeated. The Victorias made three unsuccessful attempts, and the fourth time were successful by very small odds. A counter challenge emanated in two weeks after this from the ex-champions, and the Young Canadians came out victorious once more by 13 runs in the score of 43 to 30; so that the Woodstock boys have, and mean to hold, the bat and ball for some time to come. There were several very exciting and interesting matches played in this city in the latter part of the season, among which the Maple Leaf Club of Hamilton (a crack club) was defeated by the Tecumsehs in a hot game, the score at the close standing 50 to 9. The Victorias, of Ingersoll, also suffered a defeat during their tour, at the hands of the Tecumseh Club, and the former said that very sore over it. It will be the first match on the *tapis* in the spring. There are several new clubs to be organized in the spring, and the healthy and exciting American pastime seems destined, before long, to entirely supersede the old fogy game of cricket. The following is the score of the individual members of the Exhibition Club, of Strathroy, Ontario, with their average runs and outs, including all who played in four matches during the season, kindly furnished us by the secretary, Mr. J. H. McIntosh. This club was organized in the spring of 1868, and out of 10 matches played won 7 and lost 3:—

Players.	No. Games.	Outs.	Runs.	Average Outs.	Average Runs.	Clear Bloss.	Blank Scores.
McIntosh	10	10	71	1-1	7-1	1	0
Irwin	10	18	45	1-8	4-5	3	0
Spurr	10	20	60	2-0	6-0	0	0
Cuddy	10	23	55	2-3	5-5	0	0
Saul	7	23	43	3-2	6-1	0	0
Rapley	7	16	41	2-2	5-5	2	0
Urquhart	7	21	36	3-0	5-1	0	0
McMarchall	7	22	35	3-1	5-0	0	0
Kahrs	5	13	29	2-3	5-4	1	1
Lauler	5	6	28	1-1	5-3	1	0
Richardson, Jr.	5	17	30	3-2	6-0	0	0
Richardson, Sr.	4	9	19	2-1	4-3	0	0

A GOOD MOVE.—The Atlantic Club, at their regular monthly meeting on the 5th inst., unanimously resolved to reoccupy their old ball field on the Capitoline Grounds this season, and henceforth that popular locality will be the headquarters of the club. We learn that the Atlantics will have two first nines this season, viz.:—Their professional nine, including Norton, Pratt, Start, Ferguson, Smith, Pearce, Chapman, Crane and Eggler; and their amateur nine, with such players as previously composed their old nine and second nine. We give below the averages of the Atlantic Club, of bases on hits, for the season of 1868:—

Players.	Games.	No. 1 Base.	Average.	Total Runs.	Average.
Start	39	183	4-5	283	3-23
Pratt	32	93	2-9	140	4-38
Pearce	45	135	3-0	221	4-12
Chapman	54	218	4-2	301	5-31
Smith	48	132	2-3	213	5-23
Ferguson	61	194	3-41	312	5-6
Crane	67	172	3-51	253	4-42
McDonald	42	152	3-26	224	5-18
Mills	50	171	3-21	253	4-25
Zeitlen	56	189	3-48	265	4-47
Kenny	13	33	2-9	53	4-11

Pratt, Ferguson and Chapman take the lead in most bases on hits.

PEDESTRIANISM.

RACE FOR THE FOUR MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

HAZEL DEFEATS MILLS.

Upwards of two thousand persons assembled at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., on Boxing Day, Dec. 26, to witness the running of the four miles match for £50 a side and the championship of said distance, between George Hazel, of Deptford, and Teddy Mills (erst Young England), of Bethnal Green. The performances of the men are so well known that it is needless to repeat them here. They had to run seventeen laps and eighty yards to complete the distance, and to facilitate the timing a red flag marked the first mile, a white flag the second, and a blue flag the third, whilst a large Union Jack marked the finish. At the time appointed for starting the excitement became intense, but the betting was rather slack at 6 and 7 to 4 on Mills, who was the first to make his appearance on the course, accompanied by his attendant, W. Riley, and his trainer, H. Ashton. The Deptford man arrived immediately afterwards, espaired by his trainer and backer, Mr. Izzard and R. Jackson, of Mile End. Very little time was cut to waste in shin-rubbing or other nonsencical devices, but having divested themselves of their flannels the competitors quickly took their mark, and without hesitation dashed away to the click of the pistol, which missed fire. Hazell took the lead at a rather slow pace, and at the end of the first lap (time 1 min. 8 sec.) was leading by a yard and a half. The pace was slightly quickened in the next lap, the time for that portion of the distance being 2 min. 17 sec. Passing the stand in the third lap, Mills, who ran in his usual springy form, closed up the gap; but has opponent, seeming determined to lead the way, soon resumed his old position, and passed the referee for the third time in 3min. 35sec. Very little alteration occurred in the fourth lap, which was timed at 4min. 32sec., and the first mile in 5min. 49sec. Hazell still kept to the fore, and completed the fifth circuit in 5min. 40sec. The sixth, seventh and eighth laps were run respectively in 6min. 52sec., 8min. 1 sec., and 9 min. 14sec. Two miles were completed in 10min. 3sec., and Mills began to exhibit signs of distress, but still he struggled gamely on, close to the heels of his more youthful opponent, and for a yard separated the two at the ninth lap. Time, 10min. 27sec. At the junction a flag marked the gallop, and commenced running with and abusing one of the competitors. Mr. Izzard soon collared him and handed him over to the police, who quickly ejected the scoundrel. In the backstretch of the tenth lap Hazell, having received orders from his backer, sprinted right away from his opponent, and finished the lap about 30 yards ahead of Teddy, in 11min. 35sec. He continued to increase his lead, and at the 11th lap (time, 12min. 43sec.) was leading by 10sec. In the 12th lap Mills fell still further in the rear, and any odds were offered on the Deptford man, who passed the stasting mark for the 12th in time 13min. 58sec., Mills' time being 14min. 10sec. Hazell kept on with undiminished speed, and completed the third mile in 15min. 5sec., and at that moment Mills, who was 90 yards in the rear, pulled up dead beaten. Hazell finished the remainder of the distance at his leisure, his total time being 22min.

GOULDING AMONG THE RECONSTRUCTIONISTS.—John Goulding, the athlete, pedestrian and trainer, was at last advices exhibiting his abilities before the admiring eyes of the denizens of the Palmetto State, where he appears to have met with a cordial reception. On the 7th inst. he appeared in his feats at Rockersville, a town four miles from Charleston, to a large gathering of both sexes and every shade of complexion, color, and on the evening of the 9th inst. he performed the following feats at the Academy building, corner of King and Market streets, Charleston, in half an hour:—1st, walk half a mile; 2d, walk backwards half a mile; 3d, run half a mile; 4th, roll a carriage wheel half a mile; 5th, hop 50 yards on one leg; 6th, pick up 15 apples, placed one yard apart, and bring each one in singly to a basket at the starting point; 7th, jump 10 hurdles; 8th, pick up with his mouth 15 eggs, placed in the same direction as the apples, bring them in singly in his mouth to a bucket of water at the starting point, without touching the eggs with his hands or the ground with his knees; 9th, throw twenty 56 pound weights over his head with one hand. Several amateur boxers were also announced to illustrate the science upon the occasion. He was to appear before the military on the Citadel parade Jan. 11th and then leave for Augusta and Savannah, *en route* to the Crescent City.

ONE HUNDRED HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP.—James Miles, the California sailor, gave the gaud folk of Hartford, Ct., an opportunity of witnessing his pedalistic performances during the week ending the 9th inst., when he undertook the task of walking one hundred consecutive hours at "Rose's," on Elm street. The *Courant* of the 11th contains the following:—"Miles accomplished his feat at seven minutes before 11 o'clock Saturday night, the seven minutes being the time he had gained out of his allowance of fifteen minutes' rest in every twenty-four hours. A large crowd visited him during the evening, and very many waited to see him on the homestretch. He was in what the walking artists call good condition when he came to a halt, and wanted to make a bet that he could walk a mile then and there in seven minutes. Having kept awake from last Tuesday evening, the same course of training was adopted in his case. First he was allowed to sleep half an hour; then he was aroused, and afterward left to slumber for an hour, when he was awoke again, and so on, until he was

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed or each and every letter sent for.

P. Wren.
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Chas. Whitney,
Robert Height,
Harry Weston,
Myron Lewis,
F. L. Fitch,
Sandy Shields,
Wm. Lake,
Low Gaylord,
Frank Edwards,
Billy Austin,
Tommy Queen,
Geo. H. Whitlock,
J. T. McNeil,
Dick Thompson,
B. Alden,
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Dan Morris,
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Frank Campbell,
Gustave Bidaux,
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Harry Slate,
Mark Smith,
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Annie Pearsons,
Dora Dawron (2),
Jennie Banker,
Kate Mayne,
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Gus Williams,
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Thos. Kelner,
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Harry Langdon,
Henri Stuart,
A. H. Hastings,
John Deaner,
Logrenia,
C. McHartrie,
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Chuck Crane,
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Molly Bros.,
N. D. Roberts,
Lew Hallet,
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B. F. Norwood.
Harry Richmond (2),
Frank Newhall,
Panorama Manager,
C. H. Matthews,
Jerry Dashington,
Thayer and Noyes,
Thos. Pencinger,
Flem Adams,
Rehtil Ryan,
S. H. Voracy,
Frank Kent (3),
W. A. Arrington,
Harry Wallace,
S. D. Perse,
L. Hasselmayer,
Annie Berger,
Dollie Pike,
Marin Zoe (2),
Kate Raine,
Augusta Lamarcans,
Alice White or
Mrs. W. C. Smith,
May Arlington,
Adah Crandell,
Lotta (3),

Boothroyd Fairclough
J. H. Mallican,
Ned stanley,
Haslen Brothers (3),
J. H. Jefferson (3),
W. Wells Fowler (2),
Fitz Simmons,
C. H. Dupres,
Wm. H. Lester,
Chas. Castle,
Myron G. Callen (2),
S. S. Sanford,
Frank Bennett,
Bart Smith,
H. A. Wentworth,
Harry French,
J. F. Sherry (2),
Byron Alger,
John A. Dingess,
J. Holmes Grover,
M. V. Bates,
Fred Buller,
Tommy Devoe,
James D. Roome,
J. C. Myers,
Chas. Plunkett,
Dave A. Prince,
James Melvin,
Ned West,
Dick Gunnan,
J. F. Brennan,
Mr. Williams,
Geo. E. sands,
W. F. Leggett,
Mike Stanton,
Eddie Fox,
L. F. Noyes,
Chas. Demott,
W. Manning,
Connie Thompson,
E. S. Siegel,
Ada Wray,
Carrie Gardner,
Alice White or
Mrs. W. C. Smith,
Matilda Heron,
Jennie Benson,
Julia Hill.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Jan. 18, '69.

IN ANTICIPATION of the long looked for Shakesperian revival in this city, and therefore, throughout the country, consequent upon the opening of Booth's new theatre as a histrionic temple, and the conversion of Pike's Opera House from a bouffe opera play shop into a grand vehicle for the elevation of the legitimate drama, we have enjoined upon all and singular our correspondents, *corps de ferai* and other *attaches* of the CLIPPER to read themselves well up in Shakespeare and to be prepared at a moment's notice to got up elabora'e essays on the works of the immortal bard, pointing out the errors which the ignorance of the erratic Shakespeare led him into w ile composing those works upon which his fame is founded. Already, the fast gait at which our forces travel enables us to lay before our readers a couple of profound articles on Shakespeare and his works, in advance of all our contemporaries well knowing that, when the revival once commences, the daily press will monopolize the t sk of criticising Shakespeare to the exclusion of everything and everybody else. The post of honor in leading off in this crusade agai st the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Cibber, and his equally deceased adapter, Mr. Colley Cibber, esq., has been entrusted to "Our Jim," who, being of an ambitious, ch valrous, and energetic turn of mind, is always planning some thing or another fresh and startling. A few days since, having in view our order to "read up" in William S., James surreptitiously came into the possession of a stage copy of "Hamlet," and the youthful mind determined to annotate Shakespeare, for he became convinced that he could give a far better explanation of some of the difficult passages in "Hamlet" than many of his illustrious predecessors had done. Hear him for his cause:—

SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET" EMENDED.

BY OUR JIM.

"Alas! poor Yorick."

Note: by the word herein stuck first of all, it mustn't be thinked that the invitivation conveyed is that Yorick was a girl—alas—nary time. It don't mean no such thing. Ef you don't know what it does mean, look in the bookliorary. "Poor" is a werry poor word in here. Why? Because you can't tell whether he means as he r Yorick was "short," or "strapped"—hadn't a red; or whether he was a thin sad lean cuss, without but much meat onto him. Now that fact is, as how the latter is what was meant; 'cos in course, when Hamlet he looks at the skull, he sees there's no flesh there; consekwently he'd naturally s'pose the rest o' the body was just the same; don't you see? Besides all tuits, Yorick was a feller what was so good natured as to make his friends "amile," and it takes money to do that. Mayoe they didn't have no two dollar tacks in them days, but drinks cost enny way.

"I knew him, Horatio."

Wen Hamlet says he knew him he means that he used to have the runner up the gent's acquaintance, wich last is a much more genteeler eggspression. But coves in Mr. Shakeshspear's days was not werry polished. Horatio is now the editor of the N. Y. *Tribboon*, but he aint proud, and wears the same old plug.

"A fellow of infinite jest."

Yorick must have been a college bred man to be a "fellow," 'cos that's what they call 'em. "Infinite" means the same as poorly perishable. "Jest" is a quib, like when I'm always gittin' orf and lettin' on to the boss that I'm imersent and doesn't do it a purpose.

"Of most excellent fancy."

That are old bones must have been a regular sport, and most like a fightin' man—and a chamdoer one at that. 'Cos you see Hamlet says not only as he were one of "the fancy," but a most *excellent* fancy. Again he asks, "where be your gambols now?" wich shows as Yorick was a gambolier. And as to him a being a fighter, Hamlet shows as he must have bin a 'rotter,' 'cos he says, "He hath borne me on his back a thousand times;" meaning in course that he—which is Hamlet—had thrown down Yorick and fell on his back, and the poor Alas-ker had to *bear* him. I any feller wants any stronger evingedence than that like, why let him look at the book down at Hall's, where the mellingk fly Dain tants the t'other one with being a "chap fallen," and asks him where's his "Gibes"? Gibes must have been Yor ck's backer most like. Maybe he meant "reiler" above there where he sez "fellow, but the rest no tellin'.

"Here hung those lips."

Here, in this konnecksihn, means "in this place"—but we can egsplain bi virtue. By "hung," the author took a delicut way of inskwatin' as Yorick was a old sot. He knowed the sayin' as "them as is born to be hung won't never be drownded;" and as these lips was "hung," in course they didn't never see much cold water. "Those" was in course intended to p'int out the lips what was present; but as skulls don't have no lips, it is a most laffable peace of dorned nonsense. "Lips"—the meanin' of this word is so plane that no notes from us is necessary. More anon.

"OUR JIM."

The is all of Jim's emendations that we can give to-day, but it is sufficient to show that Shakespeare will have a hard row to hoe when the revival commences, for every Tom, Dick and John in the country will be a shy at William when the ball is fairly opened. Jim gives us to understand that he has not entered upon this self-imposed task of correcting Shakespeare without due consideration, and he hopes, before he gets through with his work to lay bare the machinations by which the so-called "immortal bard" has managed to mislead a blind and indulgent public, and to impose upon them the deep-laid and most eye cons ie fraud of which it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. W ell, from time to time, as the exigencies of the case may require it, give extracts from Jim's Notes on Shakespeare..... We have also the pleasure of presenting a fresh article from the pen of the "Man in the Flies," point ng out how Shakespeare may be made to exhibit new beauties by suiting the action to the word, and vice versa. Here is the

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

AS SEEN AND ACTED BY THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MR. EDITER.—I am ruely glad to see that my remarks onto the drammy are ad the effect t attract the attention of the leading pe culnouls and to prjace a the tricle revivio on the Shaksperian plan—wich is good for the legitimit prete shoula. as I ear av boun 'ar up on account of the extremities to wich they was reduced—vid lioet the masonbrokers' windows. Three princi al theatres is prepairin to open in Shoftaspir, and the legitimit drammy as in the ascendant seems legs. Hah! this news warms me blood and stirs me vitals like the blast o' a trumpi. The thanks of a phygsian public is jue to Mr. Booth, oo as determined toe break up this ogre monopoly of humbug, erot wha it ma. As this gentleman is said to contemplate doin MacB-th on a scale of surpassin grandjer at a nearly day, I have thought it would only be fraturnle in me to post him in my views of that character—altho a strong point o' mine—in wich I have imited my own experiments with those of Mac Reedy and other shinin' lites—of bigone times. I mite observ, by the way, that I sustained that eminent roal only one, mi performans being so overpowerin that the play was withdra n out of commiseration to the sensibilities of the audien, o a money was re urned at the door. In Act one, scene 3, it'll be remembered Mac Beth enters with Banco, the whiches bein also on. To show my oridginality of conception, I here, exclaiming:—

"So foul and fair a day I ay not seen,"

shunted the accion the word by leting orf an umbereller, wich was greeted with vehement applaus. Remembern that Mac B was a Scotchman, I gave mi rendering in the original Scotch-English, wich I consider superior to Mac Reedy, oo pronounts it with a sort o cackle, remindin one of a hen goin to lay. In the soliloque, I gav these redlog:—

It is were done when it is done then 'twere well done,
It were done quickly if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequ nces and catch
With his surcease success; that but this b'o
Might be all and end all here there I smoat mieself in the diafram),
But he upon the bank and shole of time
We'd jump the life to come. (Here I jumped three or four feat as if leaping a ditch).

I hav no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
But only vaulting ambition.

From wheat I in er Mac B. was a gymnast. Acordinly, when I came on agin, in scene 1, act two, I came on tumbling of a hand-spring. I ad insisted upon aviu' a real dagger dangled before me from the flies, and so wen I came to

"Is this a dagger wich I see before me,
The andle lords me and? Come, let me clutch thee."

You perceal e the effect. In he speech, "Hang out yer bangers," the cook gave me a upro rious salute, wich was to resist to a murmour of applaus, and, exclaiming,

"Blow winds, come wheat!
At least we'll die with arness on our back!"

proudly strood off, o, p. q. In the grand climax of all, I gave 'em a new reading, reelin about, as if intoxicated, and exclaimin—

"Lay on, MacDuff,
And be he damned that cannot hold enuff."

This got the house upon its ee t, and I was saluted with cheers (including several arn cheers from the upper boxes). wen, thinnin it about time, I pedantically retired. The idea of givin one a fresh bo gue is not a novelty, as it had been tried with success in Glasgo, but perhaps they couldn't" well avoid it here. In connexion with the subject of Shakspearian revivals, I fear that Booth intends illustratin is conceptions with music and bally, and, as Mister Taylocr aint a going to be beat that way, so is pr pe ring to graft the principle findagles of Shakspeare onto Humpty Dumpty at Pike's Opera House, with calculates to run a lively op posite. This reminds me of another original line wich I have for some time entertained, namely, it is in incorporate a full staff o dressed and fitbroke the acrobatic company of Mister Lent, if so we will kindly volunteer to lead em. With a grand bentray and spring board or

Dramatic.

AT THE MOBILE (ALA.) THEATRE, says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date Jan. 11:—"On Tuesday, Jan. 5th, the 'White Fawn,' with Whitman's Parisian Ballet Troupe, was put on the boards and run during the week to large audiences. The Fawn was put on in an admirable manner, although the *ballet* is rather weak. M'lles. Diani Sohlke, Sands and Bernard are the principal *danseuses*, with Mons. Marvig as *maître de ballet*. Miss Lizzie Bernard, the favorite actress, vocalist and *dans use*, late of the stock company, received the lion's share of the *encore* throughout the play. She sang 'Capt. John' and 'Walking Down Broadway' in a taking manner. Although quite young, she displays a dashing and robustuous vivacity that would do credit to many an older head. W. R. Hayden, as Prince Souci; W. R. Shields as King Ling Dong; M. Wolf, as Pelican; Miss Blanche Bradshaw, as Prince Alka; Mr. Charles Henri, as Gillyflower, and Miss Laura Queen, as Princess Desire, were all well up in their respective parts, and deserving of favorable notice. The 'Can-Can' was well rendered by M'lles. Bernard, Sands, Laura, Sohlke, Diani, and Marvig. The transformation scene is gorgeous. Mr. H. Sargent, late a member of the stock company on this theatre, goes with the 'Fawn' troupe as business manager. Geo. Heubert has withdrawn from this establishment, as stage manager, and J. J. Wallace now occupies that position. .....Chas. R. Decker, 20 years old, 31 inches high, and weighing 45 pounds, has been canvassing the audience during the week in his bills and photographs.

AT THE GALVESTON THEATRE, Texas, business was good during the week ending on the 9th. On Monday, the 4th, was produced in every good style the "Sea of Ice," with Miss Fanny B. Price as Oralia and Madam Louise De Lascour, which, says a correspondent, writing on the 10 h., "She played in a talented manner. Miss Price is a young lady of promise. J. G. Beckett appeared as Carlos and the Marquis Del Monte. E. A. Eberle as Captain Raoual De Lascours was good. Sam E. Ryan represented Barabas excellen ly. George Morton as George Delaral played and looked well. C. H. Thompson as Horace De Brionne was well up in his part. As Madame De Theringe, Mrs. E. A. Eberle was all that could be desired, and Miss Nelly Johnson as Diana De Lascours did well. The 'Sea of Ice' held the boards until the 8th, on which night Miss Price as a benefit tendered her by the leading citizens of Galves on, when was given 'Pauvrette, or Under the Snow,' and the 4 h act of 'Leah.' The cast of 'Pauvrette' was as follows:—Miss Price as Pauvrette; Mr. E. A. Eberle as Bernard, J. G. Beckett as Maurice; E. C. McCall as Michel; Martin, C. H. Thompson; Intendant, F. Hertz; Pierre, T. E. Bowen; Duchess, Mrs. E. A. Eberle; Marie, Miss Maggie Desmond; Louisa, Miss Celia Crisp; Theresa, Mrs. S. E. Ryan. On the 9th, at the matinee, the 'Sea of Ice' was repeated, followed by "Handy Andy." This week was the last here of Miss Price, who has played a long and successful engagement and eaves a host of friends behind her. She goes to Houston from here ano opens on the 11th. Mrs. Mary Gladstone appears here on Monday the 11th, opening in Elizabeth.....The German Theatre is still, open under the management of Herr Osteman, and doing well."

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THE RUSSELL BROTHERS, two young sis who enjoy an enviable reputation, have been rehearsing a double flying trapeze act at the New York Circus, where they will commence an engagement on the 25th inst. Their act is said to be one o the most daring and difficult ever seen in this country. They make the flight from one end of the building to the other, using two bars instead of three, as is the custom of oth r gymnasts, and they both make the start at the same time, passing each other through the air. They are expected to make a decided sensation.

IDA LYELL THOMPSON TROUPE are in their last week but one at Wood's Museum, and if the current week will appear as in two burlesques, "Ernani" and "Don Juan." Pauline Markham, fearing recovered from her late indisposition, makes her appearing recovered from her late indisposition, makes her appearance this evening, after a long absence, as Venus in "Ixion." Lydia Thompson appears as Ixion and Ernani, Lea Weber as Don Carlos and Mercury, Ada Harland as Elvira and Jupiter, and H. Beckett as Iago and Minerva. On Monday evening, February 1s, the new burlesque troupe appear, consisting of Rose Massey, Mr. and Mrs W. J. Florence, Mlle. Morlacchi, the *premier danseuse*, and a corps de ballet, who will appear in the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"AFTER DARK" will hold the boards of Niblo's Garden only one week more after the present, as arrangements have been entered into with the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe, who open an engagement on Feb. 1s, in a spectacular burlesque, localized expressly for this establishment, entitled "Forty Thieves; or, Striking Oil in Family Jars," which is to be produced with new scenery by Messrs. Lewis and Hielge, new dresses and music in addition to Lydia Thompson, Lea Weber, Ada Harland, Pauline Markham and Harry Beckett, of the original party, Emma Grattan will appear. Michael Connelly will act as musical director.

THE WILLIAMSES close at the Broadway this week, and are followed on the 25th by Josie E. Owens in

"THE SPANISH REVOLUTION," by Joseph Foster, is to be produced at the Bowery this evening.

THE WORRELL SISTERS have been doing a splendid business at their *bijou* theatre the past week, with the burlesque of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has proved a success, the attendance being excellent each evening, and Sophie and Jennie receiving frequent applause. McKean Buchanan having secured this establishment for several weeks from Feb. 1st for the purp se of introducing his daughter, Virginia, the Worrell Sisters withdraw their burlesque in the height o' its popularity, and during the engagement of the Buchanans the Sisters will appear at several of the leading cities. The "Plebeian Daughter" is the lei ial performance of the Buchanans.

WALLACK'S THEATRE continues the old standard comedies to a good business.

THE SALE OF SEATS for the initial performances at Booth's new theatre, on Feb. 1st., takes place at Irving Hall on the 25th inst.

C. HENRY, the tenor singer, late of Bryants' Minstrels, takes a benefit at Irving Hall on the 23d inst.

THE BRYANTS offer this week the burlesque of "Provatore," with Eugene and Unsworth in the principal roles; the act called the "Live Ingin," Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour as the laughable gend'armes, the *ballet* of "Love Among the Roses," and other acts, making a most enjoyable evening's programme of fun. Rumor has it that this party will migrate farther up town on May day, a new hall bout being fitted up on Broadway, above Twenty-seventh street.

PREPARATIONS have already commenced at Pike's Opera House for the production of the "Tempest" on a grand scale. Mr. Talbure, the manager, is in Europe securing talent, but Mr. Davidge, his stage manager, is transacting all busin ss here in his absence. Among those already engaged are E. L. Davenport, Frank Mayo, Louisa Moore (now at Niblo's), Charles Barron, Ed. Lamb, Charles Hall, Wm. Davidge and others of merita.

ELIZA NEWTON, a lady favorably known to New York theatre goers, during Mrs John Wood's management of the Olympic, where she made a hit in burlesque, will appear in a popular character on the opening night of Brougham's theatre.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," which has been in preparation at Wallack's for some time, has been delayed by the illness of J. G. Hanley, the stage manager.

VANNEH ROBINSON is in town, perfecting arrangements for his campaign of '69. He advertises in another column that he wishes to possess a horse that will out style anything in America.

H. W. HITCHCOCK, of No. 98 Spring street, believing in bringing music within the reach of the million, is publishing a series of well selected songs, etc., in good style, at the low price of five cents per copy. The music is well and plainly printed, so that any one who fingers, blows or oralizes, may read without making their occulistic organs grow dim. For title, etc., of those already published, see advertisement in another column.

MLLE. MARIE ZOE, the Cuban sylph, is at present sojourning at her home on Long Island's sea girt shore. She will make her next appearance in public at the Broadway Theatre, commencing a three weeks' engagement there on the 17 h proximo.

DIED.—In this city, on January 14th, George Robert Stevens Brown, the only s n of Fanny and I. Allston Brown, aged 2 years, 8 months and 18 days.

HOWPARD ELLARD, well known in the dramatic profession throughout the country, died in this city on Sunday, the 17th, at his residence, 30 Lafayette Place, of bronchi l consumption. Mr. Ellard came to this country from England—where he was

American *debut* at the old Park Theatre, this city, where he remained for some time, from which theatre he went to Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, where he remained a great favorite for two or three seasons. Mr. Ellard made his first appearance in Philadelphia March 4th, 1850, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Joseph Surface in the "School for Scandal." In August, 1853, he married Miss Emily Lewis, while attached to the Broadway Theatre, New York. During the season of 1860 he was a member of John E. Owens' Varieties company at New Orleans. In 1861-2 he was manager of the Carusi Band Box Theatre, at Washington, and made considerable money. His season was a highly successful one, being the only place in the city, and the city full of troops. At the opening of Ford's New Theatre, in Washington, in 1862, he was stage manager, but owing to ill health retired from the profession in Nov., 1862, but was not long off the boards. He opened Leland's new Opera House, Saratoga, N. Y., for the summer season of 1866, after which he reappeared in this city at various theatres as a jo actor. His last appearance in this city was at the New York Theatre, in the season of 1865-6, appearing as Melter Moss in the "Ticket of Leave Man." He then went to Washington and became manager of Wall's Opera House. He had been there but a few weeks when he was compelled to relinquish the management in consequence of declining health, and returned to this city about three weeks ago, and continued to linger until the 17th inst. Mr. Bland has been a sufferer for a long time from the asthma. O late he played what are known as old men, and always was a conscientious and pains taking actor and was a favorite with his audiences. He was an accomplished Shakespearean scholar. He was universally esteemed by all who knew him for his amiable disposition. He leaves a wife and four child en. His funeral will take place on Wednesday morning, the 20th inst., at 11 o'clock, from his late residence.

MADAME PAREPA ROSA created quite a sensation in Stephen Massett's ballad called "When Shall I See My Darling Again," at her last concert in this city. It was enthusiastically encored.

JOHNNY BOWMAN AND BILLY HARRIS, double song and dance men, appear at Tony Pastor's Opera House early in February.

Dramatic.

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THE MESSENGER SERENADERS, residents of Water Valley, Miss., gave a perf ormance in that town on January 5th, which was a decided novelty, particularly and other pe.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS, of Boston, reproduced their pantomime of "The House that Jack Built" the past week, and it has been attracting large audiences.

BURGESS AND BENNETT'S MINSTRELS opened at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on Monday, 11th inst., for one week. Their initial night was ushered in by a most violent storm of wind and rain, but not withstanding this they had a crowded house. Charley Gleason and Lew Bennett, the end men, were irresistible comic. The "Silver Statue Double Clog," by Parkhurst and Collins, was good, and the "Golden and Marooned, yes," in reducing the full strength of the company, together with the anvil chorus, was well received, whilst Frank Kent, in his feminine make up, singing "As Thro' the Park I Go" and "On the Beach at Long Island," never fails to bring down the house.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON are doing as well as usual in Chicago, the burlesque of "After Dark" drawing very well. It is worthy of remark that Miss Lee Willie has appeared every night since their opening in "On the Beach at Long Branch." They expect to make things lively at the Museum.

SHIPLEY'S MINSTRELS, a correspondent, "Bion," writing from Champaign, Ill., says, "are the most complete minstrel concern ever placed before the western public. The old veteran, Dan Shelby, certainly deserves the thanks of the community in placing such an organization before the people. In his various acts he never fails to excite the risible faculties of the most intensely gloomy. E. M. Hall, in his great specialty, Adolphus Morning Glory, creates a *furore* among his audiences. R. A. Ludley's banjo solos receive an *encore*. Mr. A. B. Kennedy, in consequence of a matrimonial alliance contracted with Miss Nellie M. Palmer, of Detroit, which happy affair culminated last 20th of November, in the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The company's orchestra is under the *baton* of Prof. P. O. Hudson, the brass band being led by Prof. Frank Fisher. The following is a correct list of the company:—Dan Shelby, Capt. J. W. Decker, Mr. A. B. Kennedy, E. M. Hall, Charles Heywood, Frank Fisher, Prof. P. O Hudson, Herman Miller, Fred. Peters, Charles Monroe, Billy Devere, Bob Lindley, Master Willie Hindmarsh, J. Edwards, advance agent. The following notice we clip from the *Quincy Daily Herald*:—

"THE MINSTRELS.—Dan Shelby's Minstrels gave their farewell entertainment last night at the Opera House, and one of the largest audiences ever assembled in our city greeted them. The occasion was one long to be remembered by the amusement going public of Quincy, and the performance was worthy of the high reputation of the troupe. To our citizens Dan Shelby's Minstrels were strangers, but the brilliant and refined entertainments they have given this week have introduced them well and favorably to the Quincy people, and a generous welcome will be extended them whenever they may find it convenient to return."

Their route ahead is as follows:—Springfield, Jan. 16th and 18th; Decatur, 19th; Danville, 20th and 21st; Lafayette, 22d and 23d; Terre Haute, 27th; Vincennes, 29th, and so on due east."

"AFTER LIGHT VS. AFTER DARK" is the title of a sensational burlesque, by T. L. Donnelly, to be produced at Hooley's Brooklyn Opera House this week. A *matinee* is to be given on the 20th inst. In the burlesque will be introduced a Race Course, Concert Saloon, Fulton Ferry by star light and the Lakes. At the Williamsburg House they do "The Trip to the Moon, or Shade v. Pantomime," a new act called "Caught at Last," "Turn Him Out," "Elc ure Gallery," "Distinguished Arrivals" &c. On the 22d Archy Hughes takes his benefit at this house.

S. S. SHARPLEY, having bought out the interest of Ben. Cotton, opened with his minstrel band in Wood's Museum, Chicago, on the 18th inst.

JOE RAINER joined Morris' Minstrels at Reading, Pa., on the 13th instant.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS perform in Providence, R. I., on Jan. 22d and 23d.

JERRY DASHINGTON, singer, wench and clog dancer, advertises that he can be engaged.

BILLY BUFF'S MINSTRELS gave a very good show at Morrisania, N. Y., on the 16th, to a moderately good house. Laurence's imitation of brass instruments, and Carter and Wilson's "clog nedualite" were good.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS perform in Quincy, Ill., on the 22d and 23d, and Peoria 27th and 28th. Rollin Howard is with this party.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS will vocalise in Columbus, O., on the 21st and 22d inst.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S party closed in St. Louis on the 11th on account of Manning breaking his ankle on the way to the hall, but opened again on the 12th. They finished the three last nights at De Bar's Opera House.

AT WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, business the past week was only fair. The "Trip round the World" still forms the first part. In the olio, "Somebody's Coat," "Three Modern Graces" and Campbell's "Dutch Song and Dance" were the principal features. The "King of Utopia" has been the afterpiece. On the 8th Col. Wagner took a benefit and during the evening a package containing $300 was thrown to him by his friends. On the 15th Brayton has a benefit. Fred has increased his donation to the audience to $800 per week.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS appeared in Troy, N. Y., on the 13th, to a crowded house. Our correspondent, "Mose," says:—"They gave a first class show, nearly all their acts, burlesques, etc., being novel. They present twelve performances in the first part, with Charley Pettingill and Reynolds on the ends, Butler in the middle, and Bidaux, Brandin, Carter and Butler in the quartet, and a better quartet it would be hard to find. As for the end men, they are, without exception, the 'heaviest team' that have visited Troy in some time, their budget of witticisms evoking continual roars of laughter from the audience. In the olio Pettengill, Reynolds, Butler and Brandini, appeared in the act, 'Cow-B-lio-gians.' Messrs Kneeland an Voos did an excellent violin duet. Signor Messrs. Bidaux then sang, with effect, the ballad, 'The Storm-ther, for which he was enthusiastically encored. Pettingill next appeared in his character act, 'Adolphus Morning Glory,' a companion to his Nicodemus, in which he was *encored* four times, and then the audience were not satisfied. He also did an act called 'Rag et Jack,' *a la* Lingard. The evening's entertainment concluded with Charley Reynolds' piece entitled, 'Unfortunate.' On the following evening they gave another performance with an entire change of programme, to a large audience. On the 15 h and 16th they performed at Albany, when they turned 18 people away from the doors, unable to gain admittance. The receipts on the 15th, are said to have been $810, the largest sum ever taken by any minstrel troupe for one night's performance in Albany."

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS gave five performances in Cincinnati at Pike's Music Hall last week, commencing on the 13th, and drew very fair houses. Burgess himself was the principal attraction, the troupe having been a little weak on one or two evenings, when the "middle man," George Radcliffe, whose home is Portsmouth, was too much overcome by that fact, or something of that sort, to appear. Burgs's gave his "Nicodemus Johnson," and gained great applause. The first part of the programme consists of "Trip Around the World," pretty much as the Newcombs gave it when Burgess was with them. The programme was changed each evening and a good variety was given, though a great many things were a little hackneied. They play in Covington and Newport, Kentucky this week, and then in the Hoosier State.

SAM S. SHARPLEY has disbanded his company, and advertises that he is prepared to accept engagements, star or o herwise.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played to large houses at Concordia Opera House, Baltimore. They closed on the 16 h.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS gave two entertainments at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on the 15th and 16th, to full houses.

COTTON AND DIAMOND'S MINSTRELS, a Washington City organization, gave a per ormance at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 15 h inst.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS will be at Tarrytown, N. Y., on the 21st, Sing Sing 22d and Haverstraw 23d.

Miscellaneous.

ALF. BURNETT AND J. H. TAYLOR, assisted by Miss Nash and Prof. Shanley, were to commence at Sharpley & Cotton's Hall, Chicago, on the 18th inst.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS continue the manufacture of their patent banjo, which they send by express to any part of the world for $16, which includes the box. They also send twenty writ en lessons free of charge. Any one wishing one of their patent banjos—acknowledged by the profession to be equal to any in the market—can obtain it by ordering through Frank Dobson & Brothers as per advertisement elsewhere.

SUSIE MEDBURY, only four years of age, gives a concert at Jewett City, Conn., recently. She plays and sings admirably, it is said.

AT HARTFORD, CONN., the people paid $79,152 last year for amusements. The following were the largest items in the bill:—Dickens' readings, $6,446; Miss Kellogg's concert, $1 284; Theodore Thomas' concer , $1,520; White Fawn, $410; Gazzaniga's concert, $220; Norma, $1 050; Sonnambula, $1,046; Edwin Booth, $3,358; Rit ori, $1,794; Lent's Circus, $2,569.

MARTINO, THE WIZARD, was sued at Monmouth, Ill., by the City Fathers for giving away presents to his audi nce. The prosecution concluded he would settle the matter his way, so he took one hundred dollars bush money. The question is, had that "bush" the law" an right to compromise the matter without the case coming to trial, and what becomes of Martino's $130?

THE ALLEGHANIANS were to give a concert at Galesburg, Ill., on Jan 20 h. Their new Swiss bells are a great feature in their entertainment.

A NEW HALL has just been erected at Young America, Ill. It is called Gamble's H ll; has stage and scenery.

A NEW SHOW is now forming in the south under the management of John Templeton, for a tour north and south. An orchestral party and two handsome ladies who sing or dance are advertised for to join the organization.

SNOW PRINTING.—The firms of Joseph Warren & Co. and Howard & Johnson, printers, Buffalo, N. Y., have consolidated under the name of Warren, Johnson & Co., and, as they state in an advertisement in our columns, are now prepared, with their increased facilities, to execute show printing in all its branches at a reduced rate of charges.

A FIRST-CLASS BARITONE SINGER can be engaged for a long or short period. See H. M. W.'s card.

CHARLES M. WILLIAMS, in an advertisement, states that he wishes to apprentice himself to a minstrel or variety troupe.

THE OLIO CONCERT COMPANY will start upon a tour through the eastern cities during the last week of the current month.

FIFTY PICTURES of musical and dramatic celebrities are advertised for sale. See B. P.'s card in another column.

THE GREGORY BROTHERS, gymnasts and acrobats, advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP was in Australia at last advices. She had been singing "Come Home, Father," illustrated by appropriate tableaux.

THE HALL in Phelps, N. Y., used by traveling companies, was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening, the 10th inst. The Georgia Minstrels were the last company that performed in it.

OLIVE LOGAN delivered her lecture, entitled "Paris, Otte of Luxury," before the Young Men's Associa ion, at Tol do, Ohio, on Monday evening, Jan. 11th, to a large and appreciative audience.

BLIND TOM gave two concerts and a *matinee* at White's Hall, Toledo, O., Jan. 12 h and 13 h. He had full houses.

THE INTERNATIONAL, Toledo, O., is running in good style with Sig. Nicolo Norton, the Du ch co edian, and the Whiting Sisters as the attractions.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA was announced to appear at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the 18th and 20th inst., assisted by Brookhouse Bowles, Sig. P. Ferran i, Carl Ross, J. N. Pittman, Geo. W. Colby and Mr. J. Levy.

"MARK TWAIN" lectured at Davenport, Iowa, on the 14th inst., and the Parkh rst and Thompson troupe concertised there on the 16 h.

THE TOM THUMB combination will appear on the 18th and 19th inst, at Masonic Hall, Nashville, Tenn.

THE PAREPA-ROSA Op ra Troupe are looked for, Feb. 9th and 10th, at Masonic Hall, Nashville.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburgh, is advertised to rent for first class entertainment.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG appeared before a large and brilliant audience at Core Hall, Cleveland, O., on the 11th inst.

THE RECEIPTS of the Boston Athenæum for the past year were, from the general fund, $12,946; from other funds and the fine arts and book departments, $10,268. The expenditure a were $21,085. John A. Lowell has been chosen president; F. B. Rogers, treasurer, and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., secretary, for the ensuing year.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb and the little Thumb, also Commodore Nutt and Lavinia Warren, opened at the Memphis Club Hall on the 13th inst., and remained for two days.

A CORNET PLAYER and competent leader advertises that he can be engaged. See B. B. Dale's card.

MISS EMMA HOWARD, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Swanborn, Mr. Jungnickel and Mr. Wagner, were announced to give one entertainment at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 19th inst.

LOCKRNIA was at Lancaster, Pa., last week, and opens in Reading on the 18th inst. for six nights.

PETER FEST, assisted by the Herrman Brothers, Geo. Miles and others, gave one entertainment at Norristown, Pa., on the 18th inst.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY lectures in Newark, N. J., on the 20th inst.

SIG. LOTZE, his pupils, and Miss Fanny Lopez, *premier danseuse* and s national singer, can be engaged. See advertisement in another column.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG gave her farewell concert at the Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 9th inst., to a crowded house.

THE OLD SETTLERS' FESTIVAL opened at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 20th inst., continuing four days and nights.

COL. LEE and Capt. John Smith, the noted wall artists, are to be benefited on the 19 h at Buffalo, N. Y.

PROF. I. HASELMAYER advertises that he can be secured to give his musical and magical entertainments.

THE "KUKLUX," a new sensation for theatres and circuses, is advertised in another column by J. B. Cooke.

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CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, assisted by M'lle Ahda Topp, Lotti, Petrilli, and Kopta, will give four concerts at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, this week, commencing on the 19 h.

TOM THUMB and party were in Memphis, Tenn., the past week.

PROF. WHEMAN prestidigitated in Troy, N. Y., five nights the past week.

SLATE AND JUDICK'S Gift Show appears in Kokomo, Ind., 21st and 22d.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS commence at the Institute, Baltimore, on the 25th inst.

W. H. HOUGH AND WARREN BORDWELL are traveling in Michigan with a gift exhibition. The attractions consist of the Panorama of the Holy Land, Warren Bordwell's comicalities, and Miss Anna Bordwell in the Lingard business. They are in Ann Arbor on the 11 h and 12th.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSA gave a reading at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on the 13th.

TOM THUMB'S COMBINATION appear in Louisville, Ky., next week.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA will be at Canton, Mass., 20 h; East Greenwich, R. I., 22d; Wyoming, 23d; and Westerly, 26th.

PROF. NICHOLS, Champion Glass Blower, advertises that he can be engaged.

PROF. DE CAMP, comic ventriloquist and magician, advertises that he can be engaged.

A PANORAMA, which the advertiser describes as first class and doing a good business, is for sale. See S. H. Hayward's card in another column.

JOHN BOGAN continues to supply banjos, and to teach jig and clog dancing, as he intimates in his advertisement elsewhere.

E. C. GOODRIDGE advertises that he can resume the profession.

NELLIE EDWARDS, vocalist and Yankee gal, advertises that she can be engaged for first class establishments.

THE DUPONT BROTHERS, gymnasts, advertise that they can be engaged.

C. HARRY FRANCK advertises that he wishes to hear from N. Anderson.

PANORAMA lecturer or agent can be engaged by addressing Tilley, as per advertisement.

COL. AMES is a id to be doing well at the Museum, New Orleans. Among his principal attractions is the wax portrait of a well known belle of that city. The "Circassian Beauty" and the old attractions will remain.

LOUIS R. RENOT, the leading treble of the choir at the Church of the Advent, Boston, takes a benefit at Chickering Hall, in that city, on the 28th.

THE FAKIR OF AVA commences a six nights' stay in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 19th inst., assisted by Whisten, the humorist.

SPAULDING'S SWISS BELL RINGERS opened in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th, to a large house and remained the 16th.

THE PILGRIM exhibits in Providence, R. I., on the 20th inst

JAMES E. MURDOCH was to give a reading in Providence, R. I., on the 18th inst.

A BENEFIT to Sam and John Smith took place at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 15th.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave a performance on Wednesday evening, 13th inst., which attracted a large audience and proved a thorough success. The "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" was the selection on this occasion, the first attempt, it is believed, at an entire opera by a company of amateur performers. A correspondent says:—"The chorus, dresses and appointments, with the orchestra, were all that the most captious critic could have expected. MISS DEVERE sang and acted the role of the Grand Duchess charmingly. Wanda, Fritz, Boum, Prince Paul—indeed, all of the *dramatis personæ*, would have been a credit to any regular company. We have heard this opera when the music was not near so creditably rendered. It was a great success, and fully demonstrates that genius and talent is to be abundantly found in the ranks of our amateur performers. All of the arias and choruses received *encores* and the piece closed with the most rapturous applause. It is desired that the Wheatley will give a repetition of this most gratifying performance."

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, is to produce the "Comedy of Errors" on the 19th, with Messrs. J. H. Carter and W. Disney as the two Dromios, and R. S. Schultz and A. W. Whelpley as the two Antipholis s.....The Woodward Circle, an ambitious young association, gave "Othello" on the 15th. .....The Davenport Club gave the "Cricket on the Hearth" the same evening, with Mr. W. Kennedy as Caleb Plummer.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON MUSIC HALLS.—At the Alhambra, a new *ballet*, entitled "The Acorn Tree," is the latest attraction. It is said to be a series of beautiful and mechanical effects, and includes a transformation scene of great splendor. Large oak boughs bearing acorns are seen all over the stage; each one slowly opens and a fairy, appropriately dressed to suit the pervading tint, is seen until the stage becomes one scene of brilliance and animation.....The Canterbu y has produced a new *ballet* called "The Fairy Haunt of the Butterflies, or King Catch 'em Alive O." George Leybourne continues one of the great cards, also Joe Brown, the American jig dancer, and Arthur Lloyd..... The London Pavilion is said to be crowded every night. F. Johnson and Kate Harding appear in a duologue entertainment, C. Laurie and Miss Horton as sero-comic singers, Avolo, the trapesist, the Fillis family, Harry Ricardo comic vo alist, Arthur Lloyd and George Leybourne are the great attractions.....J. G. Forde, the prince of Pat er singers, has appeared at the Royal, also Vance, the comic singer, who has been singing about the Can Can. Kate Bella, seric-comic, sang a parody on "Tommy Do ld." The Brothers Daniels and the Brothers Vollaire are among the attractions.....The company at the Philharmonic was rene hened during the holidays by the appearance of Annie Adams, Louie Sherrington, Kate Maenamara, Miss Rosalie and Miss Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Johnson contin to give their duologue entertainments. Mr. Davis, the ventriloquist, is also there.... Mr. Winder, manager of the Metropolitan, produced a new *ballet* called "St. Valentine's Eve, or the Abode of Cupid and Psyche," and is a marvel in construction and scenic display. The *ballet* opens with a scene representing a large envelope, directed to the proprietor. The seal breaks and the envelope radually unfolds itself, until at last it disappears, and a transforma ion scene of surpassing brilliancy is introduced, vying in magnificence with scenes of a like kind..... Sanwells performing dogs, Joby Nash, Mr. Jongham, the Brothers Mortimer and Miss Austin are at the South London.... The Marylebone offers Loui Sherrington, in songs, Mrs. Phillips, Marcus Wilkinson, Emma Alfred and others of note.

MISS ST. DENIS, a young actress, committed suicide on Nov. 24th, in Au tralia by taki g a dose of laudanum. This matter excited great interest. An inquest was held, and a verdict amounting to *felo de se* returned; but the circumstances of the case have since been seized upon by some unscrupulous persons in order to injure the reputation of her medical adviser. The government were eagerly invited to have the body exhumed, and a fresh inquiry made, but fortunately better counsels prevailed, and the grave of the unhappy girl has not been disturbed.

VENTURA is the name of a young Italian composer who was lately called eighteen times before the curtain on the first night of his first opera, "Alda," in Bologna.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Up to last advices there were very few fresh items to note of doings in the theatrical world of Paris, as New Year's, not Christmas, commences their annual festivals. Seven theatres in Paris are to be swept away to make room for the new Boule ard du Prince Eugene, among them the old Theatre Lyrique, where so many good pieces have been produced..... Minnie Hauck is advertised in Paris a "Mlle. Auck."..... The Theatre de la Gaite is playing a drama and spectacle, by M. Victor Sejour, called "The Madone des Roses." ..... At the lit le Theatre des Nouveautes, a little piece, called "Bonne-la-la," gives satisfaction. It is intended as a review, by characters, of the follies and attractions of the day, and is interspersed with lively and laughable ballads..... The Theatre Beaumarchais has also a piece, by Les Oubtettes du Vieux Louvre," arranged by M. Adolphe Jaime, the various ones described recently in the *Petite Presse*. It will enliven the Quartier St. Antoine all the winter..... So prolific is the stock of new dramas that on the night of the first representation of "Miss Multon" two other new pieces were produced at the same theatre—"Autour du Lac," a comedy in one act, by MM. Prevel and Crisafulli, and "Le Petit Voyage," also a comedy in one act by M. Labiche .... "Le Sacrifice" continues to be played nightly at the Ambigu, with increasing success. The authors are MM. Barbier and Beauvalet. It is a melodrama replete with crimes and dark and mysterious incidents, on the models of those pieces for which the Ambigu has always been so famous..... Mdlle. Cecile Mayerbeer, the second daughter of the great deceased composer, is, it is said, about to be married to Baron Adrian Walburg, a member of the Archæological Institute of Vienna..... Another new thea re is to be opened in Paris in January, to be called Les Folies Bergeres. The leading point will be the representation of comic operas, but spectacles and panti mimes may, perhaps, be added to increase the attraction. The opening pieces announced are "Quatre Hommes et un Caporal," and "Docteur Purgandi"..... A new comic opera in two acts, "Le Petit Bonhomme vit Encore" is announced for representation at the Theatre des Bouffes Parisiens. The music is by M. Daffes and the words by M. de Najac..... M. de Banville has read at the Odeon a comedy in three acts, which was immediately received. It is called "Floride"..... "Le Pe it Voyage," a little comedy now playing at the Vaudeville, is said to be full of humorous vexations..... In Florence, at the grand funeral ceremony which took place at the church of the Santa Croce, some incidents occurred worthy of recording. In the superb "Requiem" of Mozart, which, as Rossini has not left a funeral service, was ordered to be performed, the important music of the soprano and contralto parts was committed to be entrusted to male alti and sopra ni, principally chorister boys in consequence of the Papal interdiction against the employment of female singers in churches, and the execution suffered considerably in consequence.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Christmas in London, like everywhere else, is the season for the children..... Neither is descends in a flake of snow or riding on a glittering snub nose, be it the same genial and welcome guest. Theatres are all largely patronis d, for greater indecements are then offered than at any other time. Boxes are filled with fathers and mothers, surrounded by their joyous, rosy cheeked little ones, whose gay, shrill laugh at each fresh vagary of clown and pantaloon echo s through the house. With the exception of about half a dozen theatres the metropolitan managers have nothing to offer during their stories, all that seems pain or and machinist can devise, while will probably remain for some time to come. The pantomime of "Puss in Boots," or, Harlequin and the Miller's Son," at Drury Lane, is preceded nightly by the farce of "My Wife's Out," while at Covent Garden "The Boarding School," by Bayle Bernard serves as a *burr de ridicule*, a capital little piece, more of a comedietta than a farce, produced about a quarter of a century ago at the Haymarket Theatre, when Miss Taylor and Miss P. Horton respectively sustained the parts of Caroline Bligh and Miss Mary Miles..... Morning performances of their pantomimes are also announced at the National Standard every Monday and Thursday, and at the Royal Alfred every Monday, Thursday and Saturday. The you hful hero of this last pantomime, "Dick Whittington and his Cat," is performed with remarkable grace and liveliness by a young actress, Miss Sarah Stevens. She sings and dances with grace and spirit..... E. A. Sothern has re-appeared at the Haymarket in the "Hero of Rum ersey," a new burlesque by Farnan! entitled "The Frightful Hair," was given..... "The Boy ng Beauty in the Wood" was revived at the St. James Thea re on Dec. 26th, introducing Mlle. La Ferte, who is said to possess an excellent voice and sings with taste and feeling, but speaks almost en irely in French..... "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty" brought a densely packed house to the Lyceum on the first night..... The managers of the Holborn Amphitheatre commenced their holiday entertainments by an entire change in the ring performances and a spectacular bit of extravagance entitled "The Marvels o Electricity." In addition to the Carre family and their trained horses, Amelia Salamonka appeared twice. As a bare backed rider she is daring and graceful, and unquestionably the best who has ever appeared there, fairly rivaling the great American champion, James Robinson. Mr Alfred Bradbury, whose "Jaunty Jockey" so long held a position in the bills, now appears in conjunction with Mlle. Hengue, and the two go through a series of evolutions together on two horses. Mr. Bur ess is the clown. Mlle. Kemmer, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Lowe, each in their respective parts, gave assistance. "The Marvels of Electricity" is a bit of extravagance greatly indebted for its success to the acting of Mr. Burgess, who impersonated the magician's apprentice..... Mlle. Schneider will be seen and heard in London about the middle of the forthcoming season..... On Dec. 19th the number of visitors at the Crystal Palace was:—Admission by season tickets, 3,615; ditto on payment of a shilling, 30,348. Total visitors, 42,663.

MELLE SAROLTA has taken the operatic public at Moscow by storm, having created a perfect *furore* at the Imperial Theatre in that city by her performance of the part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni;" whilst in Verdi's "Traviata" her success has been still greater. No fewer than 250 boquets were cast at the feet of the pretty singer.

FIRE.—By a cable despatch we are informed of the destruction by fire of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Glasgow, on Jan. 13th.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave their songs and impersonations on Boxing-Night, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Eng., to an audience numbering over 3,000 persons.

HERR NIEMANN, the tenor, who is said to have the finest tenor voice in Europe, is about to appear at Vienna in Wagner's opera of "Tannhauser."

ADELINA PATTI has given a silver cup to the raffle for the Actors' Benevolent Society of Paris. Before leaving for St. Petersburg she will give a concert, the proceeds to be devoted to a fund for the erection of a monument to Rossini.

COL. SACOMB COMMANDANT PERROTS, commanding the Plymouth division *pro tem.*, issued an order on parade forbidding any officer or private of the division to attend the Christmas pantomime at the Plymouth, Eng., Theatre until further orders. Pickets of Marines were placed at the entrance of the theatre on Dec. 19th, apparently on duty, to see the order was obeyed. A Government Arsenal policeman was also said to have been present. The cause of the order is alleged to be that part of the pan omime is considered to throw ridicule on the corps, particularly on the officers. In addition to the diminution of the audience caused by this order, several Marines employed at the theatre have been obliged to resign their appointments.

AT THE TURIN OPERA HOUSE the demonstration in honor of Rossini was in this wise:—The curtain rose upon the stage hung with black, and the whole of the company, we ring crape scarfs, were perceived standing round a bust of the deceased *maestro*. The audience at once rose and remained uncovered, while the orchestra played the funeral march from "La Gazza Ladra."

THE PRINCIPAL JAPANESE instrument of music is the "Syamsin," a kin d of guitar with three strings, two being toned in the octave and the third in the dominant. The body of the instrument consists of the shell of a turtle, in the cavity of which the sounds pro uced by the three strings are re-echoed, the strings being set in movement by a small rod, made of horn.

HERSILIE ROUY, who fifteen years ago attracted much admiration in Paris as a pianist, suddenly disappe red, and was supposed by the general public to be dead, has just recovered her liberty, after a fourteen years detention in an insane asylum.

FESCHINI, the tenor, made an engagement for St. Petersburg, broke it, was sued, and obliged to go to the Russian capital and fulfill it.

PATTI'S opera, "Contesse d'Amalfi," has proved a failure at Venice.

AT AN AUCTION SALE in Havre, recently, an old English concert programme was purchased for 31 francs. The concert had been given for a charitable purpose in London, in the year 1837, at a private house. Among the pieces announced on the programme was a "violin solo, performed by Prince L. N. Bonaparte."

MISS KATE SANTLEY, who appeared at the New Queen's Theatre, London, as Peter in the burlesque of "The Stranger" for a few nights, has recovered from her se ere indisposition and will shortly rear pear at that house.

NELLY MOORE, a London actress, was at last advices suffering from a serious attack of typhoid fever.

GEORGE BENNETT, a comic singer in the Liverpool music halls, died on Dec. 26th, aged 24 ears.

Obituary.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS, who have been performing in the Great St. James Hall, London, since the holidays commenced, have been doing a big business, as the following will prove:—On the afternoon of Boxing Day 4,100 persons paid for admission, and in the evening the number reached 3,000. At the morning performance of Dec. 28th 3 704 persons were present and at the same entertainment in the evening 3,986. The total for the four performances was 15 750, a fact almost without precedent and truly remarkable, when it is remembered that the Christy's have been constantly before the public in the same building for nearly four years.

JOHN PRITCHARD died at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Dec. 24th, of typhoid fever, aged thirty-eight years.

HARRY COX, stage manager of the Brighton, Eng., Theatre, while taking one of his disappearing leaps on Dec. 29th through the stage in the pantomime, fell and severely injured himself necessi ating the appearance of Mr. Nye Chart, lessee, to supply his part, that of the Yellow Dwarf.

PROF. SYME, of Edinburgh, has detected distinct articulation pervading both systems of the Siamese Twins, and consequently severance is impossible.

THE NEW SPECTACULAR drama at the Theatre du Chatelet, Paris, founded on the history of the late Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia, has proved a great success, and is said to be a splendid affair. The only exciting escape occurs in the *ballet*, when Mdlle. Montero dances the *Charmeuse* with a live serpent around her neck.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, before leaving Compiegne for Paris, gave orders to construct a new theatre in the chateau, which is estimated to cost some two millions of francs, and must be finished before next autumn.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED are giving morning performances of their entertainment in London, including "Enquire Within," and the new operatic extravaganza by Offenbach, entitled "The Last of the Paladins," every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and, like the rest of the "entertainers," Mr. Fleming Norton announces that he will give his clever musical and mimetic monologue performance, entitled "Mr. Perkins' Picnic," every Monday morning, in addition to the customary Wednesday and Saturday, for the accommodation of the juvenile portion of the community.

MANUEL'S "Trato" has been a failure at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, and its place has been supplied by an opera buffa, "Le Maitre de Chapelle," new to Paris, but represented frequently in the provinces.

ALFRED PEARSON, light comedian of the Theatre Royal, Oldham, Eng., who dreadfully ruptured himself whilst taking a high jump as Miles in "The Colleen Bawn," on his benefit night, breathed his last on Dec. 29th, leaving a wife and child totally unprovided for.

TWO EXPLOSIONS occurred during the performance of the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre, on Dec. 28th. The first occurred about 9 o'clock, during the progress of the *ballet*, when the stage was crowded with dancers; the second during the transformation scene, shortly after 10 o'clock. As might be expected, the *ballet* girls and children suspended by wires over different parts of the stage were much alarmed, but, owing to the presence of mind displayed by the lessees and the *ballet* master, who were at the back of the stage at the moment of the explosion, they were speedily reassured, and nothing was seen of the momentary confusion by the audience, who apparently considered the occurrence as incidental to the piece.

CHARLES DICKENS published a card in the London papers of the 16th inst., denying the story of the recent death of his brother's widow in Chicago. Mr. Dickens says that she is still alive and well, resides in England, and never was in Chicago. He himself is the trustee of her estate under settlement.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Show business has been looking up finely in the Australian colonies. Our latest advices are up to November 13 h. Quite a lively time has been occasioned by the Attorney General of Melbourne having discovered that one of the theatrical managers had taken out a license, and proceeded to take steps to compel them to do it. Gilbert Roberts, lessee of the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, stated that such a move would never have been made by the Attorney General were there not a jealousy existing owing to his (Roberts') great success at his theatre, while the management of the Theatre Royal is losing caste with the public. This charge was a the ire of the Attorney General who informed Mr. Roberts that he would either have to prove his statement or retract, or he (Mr. Roberts) would be rebuked. Mr. Roberts declined to retract, and stated that he could prove what he had asserted by a threatening letter which he had received from Mr. Coppin, whereupon the latter had to be produced and Mr. Roberts' charge against the management of the Royal was proved to have been a mistake; consequently the performances at his establishment, as also those at the Theatre Royal, were not interfered with during the interval of seven days required for procuring of the licenses. It is a singular fact in connection with this licensing matter that the only place of amusement in Melbourne that turned out to be licensed was the Colosseum. In the case of the Varieties, when its Manager applied for a license it was refused, on account of the alleged immorality of a dance which nightly used to be performed there entitled the Can-can. However, this rest is being at still continues open, but the stock representations are on to account of the license having been withdrawn in consequence of the Troupe consist exclusively of singing..... Mdlle Marie St. Denis, whose right name was Alice Rosaline Jacqueline Marie Maes, a popular young actress, committed suicide in Melbourne in October. She was born in Malines, Belgium, in 1849, her father a surgeon in the French army, and her mother an English woman. She was very accomplished, spoke several languages, was a good musician and pianist. She was by no means physically untitled for the stage. Her figure was rather short, but well proportioned, and her face, without being strictly han some, possessed excellent features. She made *ner debut* about two years since as Neighbor Cons ance in the "Love Chase." It was successful, and her subsequent progress was rapid. During the engagement of Mr. James Anderson she played a round of juvenile Shakes earean characters with some ability, and subsequently rather distinguished herself in playing Juliet to Mr. Walter Montgomery's Romeo. She then took an engagement for the Adelaide. The theatre where she played Lady Isabel Vane in "East Lynne," and Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret." There last were her favorite characters, and when she returned to Melbourne she represented them during a brief engagement at the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre. Here her theatrical career closed. She could not obtain an engagement for "leading" characters, and her wayward ambition prevented her from taking anything lage. She had long lived apart from her mother, and after she went to Adelaide she greatly deteriorated in general conduct. Three months ago, when she had returned from Adelaide, she attempted to kill herself with laudanum, apparently because she could not pay a large hotel bill. She recovered, and for some time all seemed well again. A friend who had supplied her with money held his hand, and she resolved on suicide. On Oct. 23, she seems to have settled her affairs—she had bought the ision two days before. In the afternoon she sat down in her lodgings to write notes, chatting somewhile with her landlady. But in those notes she avowed her fateful intentions; asked her medical adviser to stop an inquest if possible; sent a farewell present to one or three friends; and lastly, a letter to her landlady, whom she regarded as her best friend. She asked her to keep in keeping the secret of her suicide, adding, "it will goes right, and I am buried, be kind enough to sell all my wardrobe and jewelry to cover expenses. I should like my own and my stage name on the grave, with these lines:—

"'One who loved not wisely but too well'
"OTHELLO, SHAKESPEARE."

"Act V., last scene."

.....Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Case (Grace Egerton), having concluded a series of performances in Queensland arrived in Melbourne on Nov. 9th and left on the 10th for Ceylon and thence to India, on a professional tour, after which they proceed to England.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

1869. NEW CUTS. 1869.

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The Counting Room of the COURIER and the Business Office of the Company is at the store, 197 Main street. The entrance to the Editorial, Composition and Newspaper Press Rooms will be by the staircase between Nos. 196 and 200 Washington street.
Send for our New Trade List.
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W. C. HORAN, Superintendent. 42-3m

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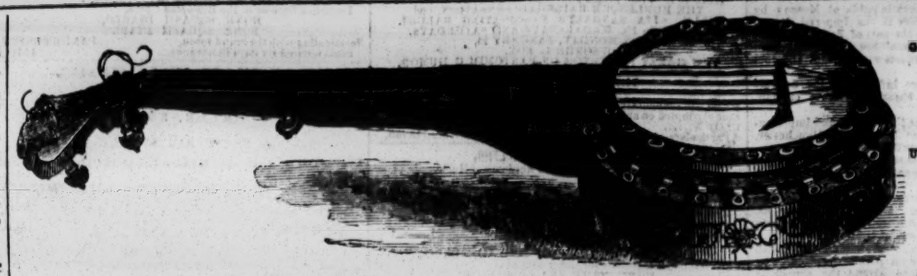

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